CALENDARIUM Pastorale,

SIVE

ÆGLOGÆ DUODECIM,

TOTIDEM

Anni Mensibus accommodatæ.

Anglicè olim Scriptæ

A B

EDMUNDO SPENSERO

Anglorum Poetarum Principe:

Nunc autem

Eleganti Latino carmine donatæ

A

THEODORO BATHURST,

Aulæ Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando Socio.

LONDINI,

Impensis *M. M. T. C.* & *G. Bedell*, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgò vocato Fleetstreet *Anno Dom.* 1653.

Paschale,

SIVE

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LONDINI,

Impensis & ad Portam Medii Templi in vico vulgò vocato Fleet-street.

Anno Dom.

Viro eximio, & verè generoso, FRANCISCO LANE, Armigero, Amico meo singulari, Salutem.

PLura sunt (*Præstantissime Domine*) *quæ me tibi devinxerunt plurimùm; morum candor, omnegenus literatura, & prudentia tua singularis; hæ sunt artes & præstigiæ, quibus facilè te induis in aliorum pectora, quotquot virtutum tuarum testes admovit sors fælicior. Verùm, nè quid dissimulem, ulteriore adhuc Catenâ me captivum ducis; enimverò suavissima tua consuetudo, dum hîc olim studendi causâ commorarere, cum perpetua tua erga me voluntate, atq; indè tot enatis beneficiis haud vulgaribus, hæc illa sunt quæ me vehementiùs rapiunt, & actiori debendi nexu constrictum tenent. Quorum ego, quoniam nè minimam quidem partem assequi possum remunerando, id unum mihi relictum esse intelligo, ut quæ tibi solvendo non sum, ea lubenter tibi debeam,*

& agnoſcam. Quod idem ego nunc amplum in modum factum cupio, & certè præſtarem quidē ſi aut voluntati meæ par facultas eſſet, aut merita erga me tua non adeo fuiſſent omnem modum ſupergreſſa. Quoniam autem etiam verba me deſtituunt, accipe (quæſo) haſce chartas, muta quædam gratitudinis meæ ſigna & indicia; accipe quâ me ſoles fronte, apertâ, placidâ, exporrectâ. Erat olim tibi Spenſerus tuus in deliciis; quocirca nullus metuo nè ingratus hodie tibi ſit, indutus idem Romanâ togâ; quæ ità quidem illum decet, tamq; aptè illi convenit, ut aut non aliâ cute natus, aut in eam non tam tranſlatus, quàm reſtitutus eſſe videatur. Erat quidem hoc Poema Anglicè cum barbâ, (quod de Eſavo Judæi fabulantur) imò & canitie ſuâ natum; ac ſi Poeta non tam in Parnaſſo ſomniâſſet, quàm cum Endymione in Latmo ſtertuiſſet, atq; adeò poſt tertium indè ſeculum ad ſcribendum demum evigilâſſet. Ità quidem illi viſum eſt atavorum voces ab oblivione vindicare, eorumq; παλιγγενεσία accelerare; (ſiquidem

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentq;
Quæ jam ſunt in honore vocabula.

inquit Horatius) verùm inde tamen interea factum eſt ut nonnulli, quia non retrò ſibi vivendum eſſe conſtituerant, ejuſmodi dictiones tanquam Evandri matris carmina, aut palantia

lantia quædam ſpectra abhorruerint. At metu illos iſthoc dehinc porrò liberavit vir doctiſſimus Theophilus Bathurſt, (Poeta non minùs elegans, quàm gravis idem poſtea Theologus) qui in eodem Collegio has æglogas latinè vertit, quò Spenſerus ante aliquot annos poematia ſua concepiſſe dicitur; & quidem ità vertit, ut & obſcuris lucem, & facilitatem aſperis, atq; omnibus ferè nitorem ac elegantiam fœneraverit; ac ſi unus ejuſdem loci Genius idem carmen diverſis temporibus illi Anglicè, huic Latinè dictitâſſet. Hanc autem verſionem ſuam clàm ſibi & Muſis habuit, quoad in vivis erat autor modeſtiſſimus; poſtquam autem diem ſuum obiiſſet vir doctiſſimus, continuò factum eſt, ut, dum libraria eius ſupellex quaquaverſum divenderetur, bina huius operis exemplaria ad manus meas deferrentur, quæ propria ipſius manu frequenter interpolata, non parum eum in iis relambendis curæ poſuiſſe, teſtabantur; penitius autem introſpiciens, ejuſmodi opus eſſe facilè deprehendi, quale ad thus & ſcombros damnari minimè oportebat, ſed neq; blattis & tineis amandari. Quocirca operæ pretium me facturum arbitrabar ſi quod non parvâ me affecerat voluptate, cum aliis etiam illud participarem, quibus non ingratum fore confido, cùm nec inutile certè, nec injucundum. Tibi verò imprimis (vir amice) dicandum exiſtimavi, tum quod ſciverim te ab hujusmodi ſtudiis nullo unquam tempore abhorruiſſe, tum

quò

quò extaret aliquod amoris, gratitudinis, & observantiæ erga te meæ testimonium. Tu autem fave, & perge me amare, ut qui semper optimè tui causâ velim,

Coll. Emman. Cantabrigiæ Calendis Julii, MDCLIII.

Ad omnia obsequii & amicitiæ munia præstanda tibi paratissimus,

GUIL. DILLINGHAM.

In

In Æglogâ

Primâ	*Mœret neglectus amator.*
Secundâ	*Haud impunè ſpreta ſenectus.*
Tertiâ	*Amoris effigies.*
Quartâ	*Elizabethæ Reginæ laudes.*
Quintâ	*Romana Vulpes & Paſtor Evangelicus.*
Sextâ	*Plorat deſertus amator.*
Septimâ	*Paſtoris munus & merces.*
Octavâ	*Certamen Poeticum.*
Nonâ	*Peregrinationis incommoda, & Paſtorum Romanenſium vita peſſima.*
Decimâ	*Alget neglecta Poeſis.*
Undecimâ	*Elegium.*
Duodecimâ	*Infœlix amor.*

Authoris

To his BOOK.

GO little Book : thy ſelf preſent,
As child whoſe parent is unkent,
To him that is the preſident
Of nobleneſs and chivalrie :
And if that Envie bark at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccour flee
Under the ſhadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A Shepheards ſwain, ſay, did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flock he fed :
And when his Honour hath thee read,
Crave pardon for thy hardy head.
But if that any ask thy name,
Say, thou wert baſe begot with blame :
For why thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt jeopardie,
Come t ll me what was ſaid of me,
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immerito.

Æglogue

Authoris ad Librum ſuum.

I To Liber, te ſiſtito
Natum patris vix cogniti,
Coram viro, qui præminet
Re bellicâ, & natalibus.
Si livor allatraverit,
(Quod mox futurum eſt) illicò
Hujus ſub alas confuge.
Et ſi rogeris, quo ſatus,
Dic, quod rudis paſtorculus
Paſcens gregem te enixus eſt.
Cumq; ille te perlegerit,
Fac deprecere audaciam.
Nomen tuum ſi quis velit,
Reſpondeas te ſpurium;
Nomen rubori illinc tibi.
Et cum periclum evaſeris,
De me refer quid dixerint,
Pluresq; mox emiſero.

Æglogue 1.

Colin Clout.

A Shepheards boy (no better do him call)
When winters wastfull spite was almost spent,
All in a Sun-shine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent,
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the fold,
That now unneths their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepheards look,
For pale and wan he was (alas the while!)
May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took:
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led, (fed.
And thus him plaind, the while his sheep there

Ye Gods of love, that pitty lovers pain,
(If any Gods the pain of lovers pitty:)
Look from above, where you in joyes remain,
And bow your ears unto my doleful ditty. (love,
And *Pan*, thou shepheards God, that once did
Pitty the pains that thou thy self didst prove.
(wasted,
Thou barren ground whom winters wrath hath
Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight:
Whilom thy fresh spring flowr'd, and after hasted
Thy Summer proud, with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy winters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such

Ægloga prima.

ALEXIS.

VIlio (nec enim titulo potiore miſellus
Dignandus) jam nunc brumâ laxante rigorem,
Æthere ſub ſudo, (ſudus forte obtigit æther)
Eduxit feſſas diuturno carcere canlæ
Strigoſas pecudes, macie brumâq; rigentes,
Vt vix ſucciduo ſuſtentent poplite greſſus.

Iſq; ſtatus pecoris paſtoris concolor Ori,
Lucida quod macies pallenti tabe colorat;
Æger curâ forſan, & æger forſan amore;
Scit tamen & calamos inflare, & dicere verſus:
Tum pecora ad montem languentia languidus egit,
Effuditq; iſtas, dum paſcunt illa, querelas.

O Superi, curas ô qui miſeratis amantûm,
(Si tamen è Superis quiſquam miſeretur amantes)
Deſpicite è cælis ubi lætum ducitis ævum,
Luctiſoniſq;, precor, ſubmittite cantibus aures:
Tu quoq; paſtorum Deus, olim fixus Amoris
Cuſpide Pan, priùs expertos miſerere dolores:

Effœta ô tellus, brumalis prædafuroris,
Viva meæ vitæ occaſum ſpectantis imago,
Te modò millecuplo florum diſcrimine pinxit
Ver, tuaq; aſphodelis ſtellata ſuperbiit æſtas;
At jam nimboſa ſævit violentia bruma,
Quaq; triumphabat modò, jam tua purpura ſordet.

Pectore

Such rage as winters, raigneth in my heart,
My life-bloud freezing, with unkindly cold:
Such ſtormy ſtoures do breed my baleful ſmart:
As if my years were waſte, and woxen old,
And yet alaſs, but now my ſpring begonne,
And yet alaſs, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whoſe ſhady leaves are loſt,
Wherin the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are cloath'd with moſs and hoary froſt,
Inſted of bloſſoms, wherwith your buds did flowre,
I ſee your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whoſe drops in drerie yſicles remain.

Alſo my luſtfull leaf is drie and ſear,
My timely buds with wayling all are waſted:
The bloſſom, which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed ſighs is blown away and blaſted.
And from mine eyes the drizling tears deſcend,
As on your boughs the yſicles depend.

Thou feeble flock, whoſe fleece is rough and rent,
Whoſe knees are weak, through faſt, and evil fare,
Mayſt witneſs well by thy ill government,
Thy maſters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weak, I wan: thou lean, I quite forlorn,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourn.

A thouſand ſighs I curſe that carefull houre,
Wherein I long'd the neighbour Town to ſee:
And eke ten thouſand ſighs I bleſs the ſtoure,
Wherein I ſaw ſo fair a ſight as ſhe.
Yet all for nought: ſuch ſight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that love ſhould breed both joy and paine.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plain,
Albee my love he ſeek with daily ſuit:

Pectore ſub noſtro rabies furit æmula brumæ,
Nam ſtupet in venis immiti frigore ſanguis:
Sævit & in noſtram tempeſtas tanta carinam,
Tanquam jam tremulos ſpectaret vita Decembres.
Vix tamen (ah miſerum) floreſcere cœperat annus,
Et tamen (ah miſerum) mihi jam defloruit annus.

O vos umbroſo nudatæ tegmine quercus,
Quâ volucres vernos gaudebant texere nidos;
Nunc muſco indutæ, canæq; horrore pruinæ,
En, ubi veſtra novo turgebant germina fœtu,
Brachia conſpicio lachrymis rorantia crebris,
Pendulaq; aſtrictis glaciatur ſtiria guttis.

Sic quoq;, ſic noſtræ folia inconcuſſa juventæ
Nunc flaccent, nimiis curarum exercita ventis;
En, emarceſcit fœlix flos puberis ævi,
Uſtulat & canum mihi præcoqua germina frigus:
Sic vitreis rigui lachrymis rorantur ocelli,
Pendet ut à veſtris glacialis ſtiria ramis.

Languide grex, lacero implicitâ qui vellere lanam
Geſtas, cui victu jejunia crebra maligno
Hauſerunt vires, macie teſtare, probaſq;
Obruta ſolicitis paſtoris pectora curis.
Debilis ille, & tu: Macer es, macreſcit & ille:
Languendo luges, lugendo languet & ille.

Damno millenis tempus lachrymabile diris,
Urbs vicina oculis quo primùm erat obvia noſtris.
Et tamen illam horam votis bis mille beavi,
Quâ vidi noſtram (ſpectacula tanta) puellam;
Sed fruſtrà; noſtræ primus gradus ille ruinæ:
Proh ſuperi! mellis fœcundi, & fellis amores?

Non importunum queritur mea fiſtula Mopſum,
Amat ille meũ licèt indefeſſus amorem. A-

His clowniſh gifts and curteſies I diſdain,
His kids, his crackpels, and his early fruit.
Ah fooliſh *Hobbinol*, thy gifts been vain:
Colin them gives to *Roſalind* again.

I love thilk Laſs, (alaſs, why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alaſs, why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall Muſick holdeth ſcorn.
Shepheards deviſe ſhe hateth as the ſnake (make.
And laughs the ſongs, that *Colin Clout* doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude *Pan* thou pleaſe,
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would,
And thou unluckie Muſe, that woontſt to eaſe
My muſing mind, yet canſt not, when thou ſhould:
Both Pipe and Muſe, ſhall ſore the while abie,
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welked *Phœbus* gan avail
His weary Waine, and now the froſty *Night*
Her mantle black through Heaven gan overhail:
Which ſeen, the penſive boy half in deſpight
Aroſe, and homeward drove his ſunny ſheep,
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeem his careful caſe (to weep.

FEBRVARY.

Æglogue 2.

CUDDY.

AH for pitty, will rank winters rage
Theſe bitter blaſts never gin t'aſſwage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride: My

Agreſtis ſperno tam ruſtica munera Mopſi;
Hœdos, involucres nidos, & præcoqua poma.
Inſipiens fruſtrà mittis tua munera Mopſi,
Quæ tuus ille ſuæ mox Phillidi *mittit* Alexis.

Phillis *amata mihi eſt (heu cur mihi* Phillis *amata?)*
Deſpectúſq; ab ea ſum, (cur deſpectus ab illa?)
Reſpuit uſq; meos & dedignatur amores,
Faſtiditq; audire rudem ſufflata cicutam.
Quin paſtorales velut anguem exhorret avenas,
Subſannatq; elata, ſuus quæ cantat Alexis.

Ergo places licèt agreſti mea fiſtula Pani,
Cùm tamen haud placeas ubi vellem ſola plactres;
Et tu muſa meos ſopire aſſueta dolores,
Nunc oblita tamen, cum res efflagitat, artis,
Solvetis meritas & Muſa, & fiſtula pœnas:
Tum calamos fregit, fuſuſq; recumbit in herbam.

Jam ſol emeritos devexo tramite currus
Urgebat præceps, glaciatoq; horrida rore
Nox involvebat furvo velamine terram:
Ut videt, arrodens cæcis præcordia curis
Surgit, apricatas pecudes ad ovilia cogens
Upilio, vultu referentes fata Magiſtri:

FEBRUARIUS.

Ægloga ſecunda.

Damon, Thyrsis.

Ah Superi, nunquámne hyemis deſæviet ira?
Nunquámne immites ponent ſua flamina venti?
Squamoſam findit frigus penetrabile pellem,
Oſſa mihi rigidis ut credam pervia ventis.

My ragged ronts all ſhiver and ſhake,
As done high towers in an earth-quake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tailes
Pearke as a Peacock, but now it availes.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest, thou laſie Lad,
Of Winters wrack for making thee ſad.
Muſt not the World wend in his common courſe,
From good to bad, and from bad to worſe,
From worſe, unto that is worſt of all;
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not ſuffer the ſtormy time,
Where will he live till the luſty Prime?
Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some in much joy, many in many tears;
Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of Summers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne never was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently took, that ungently came,
And ever my Flock was my chief care,
Winter or Summer they mought well fare.

CUDDY.

No marvail *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Chearfully the Winters wrathfull cheare,
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrie:
And as the lowring weather looks down,
So ſeemeſt thou like good-Friday to frown.
But my flowring youth is foe to Froſt,
My ſhip unwont in ſtorms to be toſt.

THENOT.

The Soveraign of Seas he blames in vaine,
That once Sea-bet will to ſea againe.
So loytering live you little-heard-groomes,
Keeping your Beaſts in the budded broome.

And

Strigoſiq; boves vibrantur frigore corpus,
Summæ ut ſuccuſſo nutant fundamine turres:
Aſſuetique ſuæ ſinuare volumina caudæ,
Perque auras agitare, en, ut ſub ventre remulcent.

THYRSIS.

Improbe, cur rigidæ fundis convicia brumæ,
Obvia quod ſolito tua terga rigore laceſſat?
Nonne ſuis celeres decurrunt legibus anni?
Succedunt inviſa bonis, pejoráq; pravis:
Pejora excipiunt tandem deterrima, & inde
In ſe tranſacti celeris rota volvitur ævi.
Qui non hybernas patietur frigoris iras,
Quò ſe proripiet, redeant dum veris honores?
Ipſe ego (qui effœtus jam) ter ſex luſtra peregi,
Nunc riſu effuſus, nunc fletu abſorptus amaro;
Nunquam æſtus, nunquam torpentia frigora queſtus;
Brumaleſve minas; aut ſummi tædia ſolis;
Nec torvam rabidâ fortunam voce laceſſi,
Mente ferens æquâ quæ ſors inflixit iniqua;
Cura pecus ſemper mihi noſtræ credita curæ,
Æſtate ut ſaturent hanc paſcua, pabula brumâ.

DAMON.

Non equidem miror, ſi tu (rigidiſſime Thyrſi*)*
Inſanos brumæ fers æquâ mente rigores:
Nam tremulæ tremula eſt affinis bruma ſenectæ,
Hæc friget, riget illa, hæc canet, canet & illa.
Utque æther terris iratus luce malignâ
Contriſtat pluviis cœlum, ſic torva tuetur
Nubila frons; tua ſic ætas obnubilat ora,
Moroſa ut triſtem caperant jejunia vultum.
Ætas noſtra virens canæ eſt inimica pruinæ,
Nec mea brumales ratis eſt experta procellas.

THYRSIS.

Nequicquam incuſat Neptunia *numina demens,*
Qui credit tumido jam naufraga carbaſa ponto.
Sic, ſic ignavi, paſtoria turba, puelli
Paſcitis auricomis balantum armenta geniſtis.

Quod

And when the ſhining Sun laugheth once,
You deemen the Spring is come at once.
Tho gin you, fond flies, the cold to ſcorn:
And crowing in Pipes made of green corn,
You thinken to be Lords of the year:
But eft, when you count ye freed from fear,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinkles and froſty furrowes,
Dreerely ſhooting his ſtormie dart,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the heart.
Then is your careleſs courage accoyed,
Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your ſurquedrie
With weeping, and wayling, and miſery.

CUDDY.

Ah fooliſh old man, I ſcorne thy skill,
That wouldeſt me, my ſpringing youth to ſpill.
I deem thy brain emperiſhed be,
Through ruſty eld, that hath rotted thee:
Or ſiker thy head very tottie is:
So on thy corbe ſhoulder it leans amiſs.
Now thy ſelf hath loſt both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldeſt crop:
But were thy years green, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldeſt thou learn to caroll of love,
And hery with hymnes thy Laſſes glove.
Tho wouldeſt thou pipe of *Phillis* praiſe:
But *Phillis* is mine for many dayes.
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Emboſt with bugle about the belt.
Such an one Shepheards would make full fain:
Such an one would make thee young again.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy love to boaſt,
All that is lent to love will be loſt.

CUDDY.

Quod ſi ſol forſan vultu meliore renidet,
Ver rediiſſe ſtatim brumâ cedente putatis:
Indè juvat victos hyemis ridere furores,
Et ſtipulâ argutas interſtridere cicadas,
Vóſq; anni dominos malè credula turba putatis;
Sæpe tamen cum vos defunctos eſſe periclo,
Speratis, ſubitò rugoſo pallida vultu
Bruma venit, ſulcis perarata ſenilibus æra,
Quáq; procelloſis tremulè jaculata ſagittas;
Cor ſtupet hinc, rigidus coit in præcordia ſanguis:
Tum demum cadet inconſulta ferocia vobis,
Et pecudes brumâ recrudeſcente rigeſcunt,
Commeritas pendit tum veſtra ſuperbia pœnas
Planctuq; & gemitu, glomeratóq; agmine cludum.

DAMON.

Non hujus facio monitus (delire) ſeniles;
Ætatis vernans brumæ me exponere germen
Velles? exhauſtum puto defeciſſe cerebrum,
Exedit exuccæ tibi quod rubigo ſenectæ.
Utq; caput quaſſum malè juſto pondere nutat,
Sic & gibboſâ obſtipum cervice recumbit:
Quúmq; tibi toto periit cum germine truncus,
Vis noſtram parili florem marceſcere fato.
Quòd ſi æquæva meæ tibi jam floreſceret ætas,
Mox aliò ſenſus deflecteret alma voluptas;
Tum tua formoſam reſonaret Phillida *canna,*
Æternúm noſtro devotam Phillida *amori.*
Hanc mihi demerui quando aurea cingula miſi,
Cingula queis bullis ſtellatur baltheus aureis.
Talia Paſtores lætos, vultúſq; ſerenos
Efficerent, vitæq; tuæ revireſcere florem.

THYRSIS.

Deſipis, ingratos jactando inſanus amores;
His quæcunq; dabis, rapidis dabis irrita ventis.

DAMON.

CVDDY.

Seeſt, how brag yon Bullock beares,
So ſmirke, ſo ſmooth, his pricked eares?
His hornes been as brade, as Rainbow bent,
His dew-lap as lithe, as Laſs of *Kent*.
See how he venteth into the wind,
Weeneſt of love is not his mind?
Seemeth thy flock thy counſell can,
So luſtleſs been they, ſo weak, ſo wan,
Cloathed with cold, and hoary with froſt,
Thy flocks Father his courage hath loſt.
Thy Ewes that wont to have blown bags,
Like wailfull Widows hangen their crags.
The rather Lambes been ſtarved with cold,
All for their maſter is luſtleſs and old.

THENOT.

Cuddy, I wot thou kenſt little good,
So vainly to advance thy headleſs hood.
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whoſe wit is weakneſs, whoſe wage is death,
Whoſe way is wilderneſs, whoſe Inne pennance,
And ſtoop gallant Age, the hoſt of Grievance.
But ſhall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tyterus* in my youth,
Keeping his ſheep on the Hils of *Kent*?

CVDDY.

To nought more, *Thenot*, my minde is bent,
Then to hear novels of his deviſe:
They been ſo well thewed, and ſo wiſe,
Whatever that good old man beſpake.

THENOT.

Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And ſome of Love, and ſome of Chivalry,
But none fitter then this to apply,
Now liſten awhile and hearken the end.

There

DAMON.

En: Viden' ? ille meus, subrufâ fronte juvencus,
Quàm bellè arrectas crispat petulantiùs aures !
Iridos ut lunata imitantur cornua flexum,
Cantiacas vincunt palearia mollia nymphas.
Aspicis elatis auras ut naribus haurit ?
Non illum dulces meditari credis amores ?
Credo tuas pecudes mentem callere magistri;
Corpore sic languent omnes, animóq; fatiscunt,
Tergoráq; horrentes brumâ, canaq; pruinâ.
Dux gregis obtuso, fractóq; vigore relanguet:
Quæ modò turgidulæ tendebant ubera matres,
Ut viduæ prono tellurem lumine figunt :
Primigenas agnos brumalis concutit horror :
Quippe regit Vetulus defectus viribus illos.

THYRSIS.

Non operæ, frugíve bonæ te censeo, (Damon)
Qui tumidè vanas sic tollis ad æthera cristas.
Nam satis inflato est instar turgescere bullæ,
Cui mens est amens; cui mors est debita merces;
Cui via desertum; cui diversoria pœna,
Inflatiq; ætas domitrix, solita hospita curis.
Sed vin' fabellam tibi me pertexere, quondam
Quam pubescenti dixit mihi Tityrus *avo,*
Quà pandit lætos celeberrima Cantia *Colles?*

DAMON.

Nil æquè vellem, nil est optatius illis,
Quæ senis ex hujus lepido fluxere cerebro :
Tanta in facundis lucet sapientia dictis,
Doctiloquo quæcunq; senex deprompsit ab ore.

THYRSIS.

Hic cecinit Venerem, Martem, effrænemq; juventam,
Verùm sub ficti velo sermonis obumbrans ;
E queis præ reliquis in nos hæc fabula quadrat.
Nunc aures adhibe, & quò se feret exitus, audi.

Annosa

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oake ſometime had it been:
With arms full ſtrong and largely diſplayed,
But of their leaves they were diſarayed:
The body bigge and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
Whilom had been the King of the field,
And mochell maſt to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many ſwine:
But now the gray moſs marred his rine.
His bared boughes were beaten with ſtorms,
His top was bald, and waſted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches ſere.
Hard by his ſide grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thruſt into th' element,
And ſeemed to threat the firmament.
It was embelliſht with bloſſoms fair,
And thereto aye wonned to repair
The ſhepheards daughters to gather flowers,
To paint their Girlonds with his colours.
And in his ſmall buſhes uſed to ſhrowde
The ſweet Nightingale ſinging ſo lowd.
Which made this fooliſh Breere wex ſo bold,
That on a time he caſt him to ſcold,
And ſnebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why ſtandſt there (quoth he) thou brutiſh block?
Nor for fruit, nor for ſhadow ſerves thy ſtock:
Seeſt how freſh my flowers beene ſpred,
Died in Lilly-white, and Crimſin-red,
With leaves engrained in luſty green,
Colours meet to cloath a mayden Queen?
Thy vvaſte bigneſs but cumbers the ground,
And dirkes the beauty of my bloſſoms round:
The mouldie moſs vvhich thee accloyeth,
My Cinnamon ſmell too much annoyeth.

Annosa en puri stetit arbor in æquore campi,
Quæ quondam quercus, nunc truncus, inutile lignum:
Latáq; jam modicâ sua brachia porrigit umbrâ,
Bracchia, quæ frondis nudârat honore senecta:
Ingenti trunco, demissa in viscera terræ,
Tendat ut in cœlos vertex, in Tartara radix.
Altior hæc sylvam quondam despexerat omnem,
Et gratum domino fuerat vectigal agresti,
Innumerâ porcos numerosos glande saginans;
Glaueâ at nunc muſci squalet putredine cortex,
Nunc pulsant rigidæ ramalia nuda procellæ,
Calvóq; informes pascuntur vertice vermes,
Defloresçit honos, & brachia nuda putrescunt.
Ad latus huic surgens spinis paliurus acutis,
Armatas hamis extollit in æthera frondes,
Inq; altum jactat ramos, cœlóq; minatur,
Formoso florum vernabat honore superbus.
Semper & agrestes huc adventare solebant
Pastorum natæ, paliuri & carpere flores,
Quos sunt floricomis solitæ intertexere sertis:
Sæpiùs istius ramis innixa sedebat
Prata volubilibus mulcens Philomela susurris:
Hinc tanta insano crevit fiducia vepri,
Ausit ut annoso convitia fundere trunco,
Atq; infœcundam multùm exprobare senectam.
Quid stas vernanti jam stipes inutilis agro,
Cum tua nec fructu moles, nec proficit umbra?
Aspicis ut nostris laxant nova germina flores,
Lilia qui candore, rubore rosaria vincant,
Ut vivo vernant folia hæc induta virore,
Qui color innuptam potuit decuisse Dianam?
Vestra ingens læto moles incommoda campo,
Nostris invisas offundit frondibus umbras:
Quiq; tuo canus dependet cortice muscus
Infecit nostros spirantes Cinnama flores.

Ergo

Wherefore I rede thee hence to remove,
Leſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure prove.
So ſpake this bold Breere vvith great diſdain;
Little him anſvvered the Oake again,
But yielded, vvith ſhame and grief adavved,
That of a vveed he vvas overcrovved.
It chanced after upon a day,
The husbandmans ſelf to come that vvay,
Of cuſtom to ſurvievv his ground,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſs round.
Him vvhen the ſpightfull Breere had eſpied,
Cauſleſs complained, and lovvdly cried
Unto his Lord, ſtirring up ſtern ſtrife:
O my leige Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your ſuppliants plaint,
Cauſed of vvrong and cruel complaint,
Which I your poor vaſſall daily endure:
And but your goodneſs the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly agaſt vvith this pitious plea,
Him reſted the good-man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed.
With painted vvords tho gan this proud vveed,
(As moſt uſen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime vvith craft to cloke.
Ah my ſoveraign, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine ovvn hand,
To be the Primroſe of all thy land,
With flovvring bloſſoms to furniſh the prime
And ſcarlet berries in ſummer time?
Hovv fals it then, that this faded Oake,
Whoſe body is ſere, vvhoſe branches broke:
Whoſe naked arms ſtretch unto the fire,
Unto ſuch tyranny doth aſpire,

Hindring

Ergo (en! præmoneo) procul hinc annosa facesse,
Nè noſtri ſolvas pretium non vile furoris.
Dixerat hæc vepres voce indignatus acerbâ,
At nil è contrà quercus longæva locuta
Cedebat, triſti & perculſa pudore dolebat,
Probroſis viti dictis à vepre laceſſita.
Indè die quodam (ſic fors & fata volebant)
Intulit huc greſſus ejuſdem cultor agelli,
Dum de more ſuos inviſit ſedulus agros,
Condendiſque notat quæ trabs accommoda tectis.
Hunc ſimulac vidit lato paliurum in arvo,
(Ut jam ſopitos litis malè ſuſcitet ignes)
Ultrò conqueritur, magnáque ità voce profatur.
O Domine, ô à quo pendet mea vita, ſalúſque,
Sollicitos æquo dignare examine queſtus,
Quos nunc extorſit violenta injuria, quali
Veſtrum ego mancipium (nec ſpes ſuper ulla) labore:
Et tua ni lapſis ſuccurrat dextera rebus,
Me mittet Stygiis dolor inſuperabilis umbris,
Hoſtis eò crevit funeſta potentia noſtri.
Attonitus multùm miſerandâ voce colonus,
Gramineo viridis conſedit cæſpite campi,
Atque rubum juſſit ſcelerato pergere queſtu;
Inde audax cœpit phaleratis herbula dictis,
(Ambitioſorum mos hic ſolennis agendi)
Artis pigmentis fucatum obtexere crimen.
O cui cum cunctis famulatur ſylva viretis,
Qui ſeris immanes quercus, humileſque myricas,
Non tua me teneram defixit dextera plantam,
Prima ut ſylveſtris lucerem gloria campi,
Illuſtrans vernos formoſis floribus agros,
Æſtatemque rubris poſſem ditare racemis?
Hoc ergo unde venit? cur annis obſita quercus,
Exuccus cujus truncus, ramalia fracta;
Nuda in vicinos quæ brachia porrigit ignes,
In nos exercet regnum imperioſius æquo,

Obnubens

Hindring with his ſhade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the ſweet Suns ſight?
So beat his old boughes my tender ſide,
That oft the bloud ſpringeth from wounds wide,
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your Coronal.
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more ſpight;
And oft his hoary locks down doth caſt,
Wherewith my freſh florets been defaſt.
For this and many more ſuch outrage,
Craving your godlyhead to aſſwage
The rancorous rigour of his might.
Nought ask I, but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good ſufferance,
And praying to be guarded from greevance.
To this, this Oake caſt him to reply,
Well as he couth, but his enemy
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man nould ſtay his leaſure:
But home him haſted with furious heat,
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threat.
His harmfull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand)
And to the field anon he ſpeedeth.
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him ſpeak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might cooled be;
But to the root bent his ſturdy ſtroake,
And made many wounds in the waſte oake.
The axes edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain:
Seemed, the ſenſeleſs iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a myſteree,

Obnubens umbrâ noſtrum malè grata nitorem,
Solaremque mihi diſcludens invida lucem?
En carioſa meum pertundunt brachia corpus,
Manet ut obtrito viridis de cortice ſanguis;
Hinc immaturo dejecti tempore flores,
Quæ prima eſſe ſolent capiti geſtamina veſtro;
Sæpe etiam turpes, exeſo è ſtipite, bruchos
Dejicit in ramos, pars nè qua illæſa maneret.
Sæpeque cavente calvo de vertice cyrrhi
Delapſi vivum florum obfuſcâre nitorem.
Contra hæc, atque alia in noſtram tentata ſalutem,
Auxilium ſupplex poſco, ut tua, ſcilicet, hoſtis
Latè graſſantem refrænet dextra furorem.
Unum hoc, nè primâ cogar decedere ſorte,
Sic hæc judicio veſtro penſanda relinquens,
Oro vicinum perituro arcere perîclum.
His mota, ad cauſam quercus ſe accingit agendam,
Diluat ut fictum crimen; ſed prævius hoſtis
Irarum tantas exciverat antè procellas,
Ut decernendæ non ſit data copia litis.
Hic ſua tecta petens, ultrici fervidus irâ,
Volvebat ſub corde minas, acuitque furorem:
Et jam funeſtâ dextra eſt armata ſecuri,
(Hei mihi, tam promptè occurrit ſcelerata ſecuris!)
Iamque relegit iter, ſolus repetivit agellum.
(Quantillâ ah opus eſt ope cui ſunt vota nocendi!)
Quò minùs appellet quercum, gravis obſtitit ira,
Molleſcens ſenſim nè fors langueſceret ardor;
Atqui in radicem libratos deſtinat ictus,
Ingeminans tremulo creberrima vulnera trunco;
At ſæpe inflictæ eſt acies replicata ſecuri,
Et juſſa invitum penetrabat corpora ferrum.
Detrectâſſe operam videatur adacta ſecuris,
Aut timidè abſtinuiſſe ſacram violare ſenectam.
Nam longæva trabes multos jam vixerat annos,
Culta metu patrumque, & religione nepotûm:

Tranſverſóque

And often croſt with the Prieſts crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dew:
But ſike fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oake to this miſery.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay:
The block oft groaned under the blow,
And ſighed to ſee his near overthrow.
In fine, the ſteel had pierced his pith,
Tho down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth ſhrunk under him, and ſeemed to ſhake.
There lyeth the Oake pittied of none.
Now ſtands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleaſance:
But all this glee had no continuance.
For eftſoons Winter gan to approach,
The bluſtering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the ſolitary Breere:
For now no ſuccour was him neere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and diſconſolate:
The biting froſt nipt his ſtalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped ſnow burdned him ſo ſore,
That now upright he can ſtand no more:
And being down is trod in the durt
Of cattel, and brouzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Breere,
For ſcorning Eld.

CUDDY.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth,
Here is a long tale, and little worth;
So long have I liſtned to thy ſpeech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech:

My

Transverſóque crucis ſigno, quam ſæpe rotatam
Illam luſtrali feſtus circumtulit undâ
Sacrificus; ſed cura ſuperſtitioſa colentûm
Vana fuit, miſeram nequeens arcece ſenectam;
Aut jam vicinum trepidanti avertere caſum:
Nam dominus ferrum totâ cervice reductum
Vibrat, ut inflicto tremeret ſub verbere truncus,
Vicinamque videns gemeret properare ruinam.
Cúmq; chalybs mediam penetrârat aduſq; medullam,
Corruit, & duxit de nubibus acta ruinam;
Quaſſavit laſſatam immani pondere terram,
Cedit & ipſa oneri, latè & ſuccuſſa tremiſcit;
Ecce cadit quercus, nullo miſerante cadentem.
Nunc vacuo inflatus regnat paliurus in agro,
Vanaque ventoſo turgeſcunt pectora faſtu;
Sed viget ad tempus non duratura voluptas,
Nam tumidis irrumpit hyems armata procellis,
Et rigidus gelido Boreas bacchatur ab axe,
Pulſans dejectam viduatam robore veprem;
(Nullâ etenim ſtabat munitus parte miſellus)
Nunc igitur ſerâ damnat ſua vota querelâ:
Namque quòd aſſueto nudatus tegmine ſtabat,
Torpentem glacies mordebat frigore caulem,
In terram nutans madido caput imbre gravatur,
Et jam laſſa nimis ſubſidunt pondere terga,
Amplius ut nequeant ſurrecto ſtipite ſtare;
Tum proſtratus humi, & ſubmerſus vertice, cœno
Obteritur pedibus, carpunt & brachia tauri,
En talem vepris ſortita ſuperbia finem,
Quod ſenium ſprevit.

DAMON.

Ohe; jam ſatis eſt, jam finem abrumpe loquelæ,
Siſte gradum, ad nihilum tantis ambagibus itur;
Laſſas arrexi lentis ſermonibus aures,
Dum miſeri clunes hærent tellure refixi;

Quinetiam

My heart blood is well nie frorne I feel,
And my galage grown faſt to my heel:
But little eaſe of thy lewd tale I taſted,
Hie thee home ſhepheard, the day is nie waſted.

MARCH.

Æglogue 3.

WILLIE.

THomalin, why ſitten we ſo,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon ſo fair a morrow?
The joyous time now nigheth faſt,
That ſhall aligge this bitter blaſt,
And ſlake the Winter ſorrow.

THOMALIN.

Siker *Willie*, thou warneſt well:
For Winters wrath begins to quel,
And pleaſant Spring appeareth.
The graſs now gins to be refreſht:
The Swallow peeps out of her neſt,
And cloudie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seeſt not thilk ſame Hawthorn ſtudde
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bower,
That now is upriſt from bed.
Tho ſhall we ſporten in delight,
And learn with *Lettice* to wexe light,
That ſcornfully looks askaunce:
Tho will we little Love awake,
That now ſleepeth in *Lethe* Lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

Quinetiam in venis ſtupidum riguiſſe cruorem
Sentio, & en! calci concrevit pera gelato:
Non facit ad tales hæc improba fabula caſus:
Ito domum, paſtor, prope jam lux occidit, ito.

MARTIUS.

Ægloga Tertia.

LAMPUS, ALSVS.

ALSE, *cur mœſti reſidemus unà,*
Pectora ut curis domiti inquietis,
Dum novis Phœbus radiis ſerenus
Purpurat agros?
Obvia en votis venit hora noſtris,
Quæ coercebit Boreæ furores,
Quæ graves Brumæ malè ſævientis
Leniet iras.

ALS. *Euge, quàm bellè monuiſti! (amice)*
Namque miteſcunt hyemis rigores,
Appetit jam ver roſeis revinctum
Tempora ſertis;
Jámq; lacteſcens revireſcit herba,
Spectat è nidis vigilax hirundo,
Et repurgato fugiunt citata
Nubila cœlo.

LAMP. *Ut frutex illo tener in rubeto*
Trudit è rupta cute germen actum,
Et caput vernum temerè in remiſſas
Exerit auras!
Evocat vernos nova Flora fœtus,
Nectit & gratam Maïæ coronam,
Quæ modo & terræ gremio ſolutæ
Orta refulſit.
Nunc monet Iudos agitare tempus,
Et leves noſmet jubet eſſe Naïs,
Devia obliquos acie retorquens
Inlatus orbes.

THOMALIN.

Willie, I weene thou bee affot:
For lusty love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy self his slumber broke?
Or made privie to the same.

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And were not that my sheep would stray,
The privie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chance I him knew.

WILLIE.

Thomalin, have no care for thy,
My self will have a double eye:
Ylike to my flock and thine:

For als at home I have a fire,
A stepdame eke as hote as fire,
That duly adayes counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheep for that may chance to swerve,
And fall into some mischief.

Nunc & alatum puerum excitemus,
(Dormit hic propter vada niga Lethes,
Præsit ut nostris agilis choreis
is vDuctur amicus.

ALSUS. *Falleris nimiùm remotus,*
Non capit somnos puer ales unquam,
Semper alternis animis amantûm
Ludit, & errat.

LAMPUS. *Quomodo nôsti vigilare Amorem?*
An quiescentem puerum excitâsti?
An quiescentem tibi qui excitavit
Dixerit alter?

ALSUS. *Neutiquam, & casu duce conspicabar,*
Dum sub arbusto viridi latebat,
Cærulas inter radiata pennas
Purpura tinxit,
Et nisi errarent pecudes protervæ,
Jam notas essem tibi proditurus,
Fortè queis natum modo deprehendi
Cypridis esse.

LAMPUS. *Hoc onus nostris humeris recumbat,*
Excubent visus in utrumque nostri,
Et gregem nostrum pariterque vestrum
Semper obibunt.
Ah! domi nobis pater est severus,
Acrior flammis etiam noverca,
Hi, domum quando pecudes reduco,
Ambo recensent.

ALSUS. *Non satis caulis tua cura utrisque?*
Fortè aget nostras pecudes per arva,
Proprio accersens capiti periclum,
Devius error.
Vix abhinc Titan abiit secundus,
Cum mihi indulsi modicam quietem,
Postea exsomnis graviore stringor
Corda flagello.

For ſithence is but the third morrow,
That I chanſt to fall aſleep with ſorrow.
And waked again with grief:

The while thilke ſame unhappy Ewe,
Whoſe clouted leg her hurt doth ſhew,
Fell headlong into a dell,

And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her neck been jointed attones,
She ſhould have need no more ſpell.

Th'elf was ſo wanton and ſo wood,
(But now I trow can better good)
She mought ne gang on the green.

WILLY.

Let be, as may be, that is paſt:
That is to come, let be forecaſt.
Now tell us what thou haſt ſeen?

THOMALIN.

It was upon a Holiday,
When Shepherds Grooms han leave to play,
I caſt to goe a ſhooting:

Long wandring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in every hand,
For birds in buſhes tooting.

At length within the Ivie todd,
(There ſhrowded was the little God)
I heard a buſie buſtling.

I bent my bolt againſt the buſh,
Liſtning if any thing did ruſh;
But then heard no more ruſtling.

Interim infœlix ovis illa, cujus
Faſciis, vulnus docet, involuta
Tibia, in cæcam foveam ſupina
Præcipitatur.
Indè compages utriuſque nodi
Luxat, ô nervis utinam ſolutis
Vertebra illiſam premeret medullam
Saucia cervix!
Non magos rurſum exigeret ſuſurros,
Eſſet aut contra mala munienda
Voce, cùm tuto pecudes ovili
Claudo repôſtæ.
Tam procax nuper, petulans, proterva,
(Spero nunc frugi melioris eſſe)
Nollet ut noſtro grege miſta notum
Carpere gramen:

LAMPUS. *Ut tulit caſus, maneant peracta,*
Excubes curis vigil in futura;
Quæque ſint veſtris oculis per agros
Obvia pande.

ALSUS *Feſta lux, albis celebris lapillis,*
Ferias lætis pueris ferebat,
Alites cùm me calamis ferire
Impetus egit.
Dum d u lætis ſpatiatus agris,
Dexteram armatus levibus ſagittis,
Quæro per nanas volucres myricas
Dulcè ſtrepentes:
Tandem in arbuſtis hederâ revinctis
Ales abſtruſus puer hic latebat:
Audio quendam ſtrepitum trementes
Edere ramos.
Dirigo in ſepem attonitus ſagittam,
Aure ſolerti ſtrepitum aucupatus,
Nullus arrectas fragor hinc laceſſit
Obvius aures.

Lumine

Tho peeping cloſe into the thick,
Might ſee the moving of ſome quick,
Whoſe ſhape appeared not:

But were it Fairy, feend or ſnake,
My courage earn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat ſhot.

With that ſprang forth a naked ſwain,
With ſpotted wings like Peacocks train,
And laughing lope to a tree,

His gilden quiver at his back,
And ſilver bow which was but ſlack,
Which lightly he bent at me.

That ſeeing I leveld again,
And ſhot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hayled.

So long I ſhot, that all was ſpent,
Tho pumie ſtones I haſtily hent,
And threw: but nought avayled.

He was ſo wimble and ſo wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched.

Therewith afraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earſt ſeem'd but to play,
A ſhaft in earneſt ſnatched;

And hit me running in the heel:
For then I little ſmart did feel,
But ſoon it ſore increaſed,

Lumine arbuſtum penetrans ſagaci,
Corpus hîc vivum video moveri,
Nulla at occurrit facies latentis
Corporis inde.
Incubus ſeu ſit, lemures, vel anguis,
Sive quid monſtri, libet excitare,
Ergo lunato jaculatus arcu
Spicula torſi.
Troſſulus nudo micat indè tergo,
Fimbriis pavi aſſimilatus alas,
Proxima aſcendens agili citatus
Robora ſaltu.
Aurea â tergo ſonuit pharetra,
Lentus argento radiabat arcus,
Hunc adaptatâ ſinuans ſagittâ
Dirigit in me.
Hoc videns tenſo furioſus arcu
Impigrè fuſas glomero ſagittas,
Ut ruit cœlo crepitans ab alto
Grandinis imber.
Tam diu torſi volucres ſagittas,
Donec effuſis calamis enermis
Dexterâ arreptos lapides vibrarem
Irritus auſi.
Tam levi niſu librat ille corpus,
Mutet, ut ſaltu ſuperante, ramos:
Saxa mox in ſe medio rotata in-
terripit ictu.
Territus greſſu hinc fugio citato,
At puer viſus modò qui jocari,
Seriò promit gravidâ ſonora
Tela pharetrâ.
Et ferit calcem calamo fugacem,
Nec dolor crudum comitatur ictum,
Auxit at tempus breve ſævientis
Tædia peſtis.

Serpis

And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it feſtreth ſore,
Ne wote I, how to ceaſe it.

WILLY.

Thomalin, I pitty thy plight,
Perdy with love thou diddeſt fight:
I know him by a token.

For once I heard my Father ſay,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)

Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had ſet.
That in our Pear-tree haunted:

Tho ſaid, he was a winged lad,
But bow and ſhafts as then none had:
Elſe had he ſore be daunted.

But ſee, the Welkin thicks apace,
And ſtouping *Phœbus* ſteeps his face,
Its time to haſte us homeward.

APRIL.

Serpit en carnis graviore ſtrage,
En ſinn laxo ſanie vorago
Stagnat, & peſtis populatur artus
Neſcîa ſiſti.

LAMPUS.

Defleo multùm tua fata paſtor,
Inſcius telo petiiſti Amorem,
En mihi ſignum modò prodidiſti
Indubitatum.
Hoc mihi patrem memini locutum,
Quomodo imprudens capiebat illum,
(Hei vices patri miſero reponet,
Aliger olim.
Retium nexu temerè involutum,
Illa ſuſpendit pater implicandis
Improbis corvis, ſolitis ſedere
Arbore noſtrâ.
Alitem dixit puerum fuiſſe,
Nullus huic arcus, calamíve præſtò;
Si forent, qualis tremor occupâſſet
Membra parentis?
Sed (viden?) nimbis glomeratur æther,
Solque declivis pelago appropinquat,
Jam monet tempus pecudes redactas
Condere caulis.

APRI-

Æglogue 4.

THE NOT.

TEll me good *Hobbinol*, what gars thee greet?
What hath ſome Wolf thy tender lambs ytorn?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke that ſounds ſo ſweet?
Or art thou of thy loved Laſs forlorn?

Or been thine eyes attempted to the year,
Quenching the gaſping furrows thirſt with rain?
Like *April* ſhower, ſo ſtreames the trickling tears
Adown thy cheeke, to quench thy thirſty pain.

HOBBINOL.

Nor this, nor that, ſo much doth make me mourn,
But for the lad, whom long I loved ſo dear,
Now loves a Laſs, that all his love doth ſcorn,
He plung'd in pain, his treſſed locks doth tear.

Shepheards delights he doth them all forſwear,
His pleaſant pipe, which makes us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted ſongs, wherein he all out-went.

THE NOT.

What is he for a Lad, you ſo lament?
Is love ſuch pinching pain, to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make ſo excellent,
Yet hath ſo little skill to bridle love?

HOBBINOL.

Colin, thou kenſt the Southern ſhepheards boy,
Him love hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilom on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

But

APRILIS.

Ægloga quarta.

THYRSIS.

Dic mihi Mopſe, precor, lachrymas quæ cauſa dolenti
Elicuit? lupus anne tuum populatus ovile eſt?
Sciſſáne melliſluos defecit fiſtula cantus?
An dilecta tuos faſtidit amica furores?

Imbriferos quæ cura oculos attemperat anno,
Qui pluviâ, fiſſos terræ committis hiatus?
Quam ſimilis guttis diſtillat lachryma vernis;
Per rigua ora, graves ut ſedet pectoris æſtus?

MOPSVS.

Non hoc, non illud tanti mihi cauſa doloris,
Sed quoniam juvenis, quem tanto amplector amore,
Deſpectus tumidæ macreſcit amore puellæ:
Immerſuſque malis lacerat rabido ungue capillos:

Ruſtica Paſtorum proſcribit gaudia, curis
Indulgens; ſuavem (noſtrum ſolamen) avenam
Fregit, & à ſolitis nunc abſtinet ora Camænis,
Quarum laude alios ſub ſe premit altior omnes.

THYRSIS.

Quis quæſo fuerit tibi ſic defletus ephebus?
Tantis alma Venus flammis incendit amantes,?
Tantúmne hic muſis & amicâ Pallade pollet,
Nec potis inſanos Veneris cohibere furores?

MOPSVS.

Auſtralis noſtin' puerum paſtoris Alexin?
Hunc transfixit amor funeſto cuſpidis ictu.
Dudum in eo curas defixi & gaudia ſolo,
Oppugnans variis juvenilia pectora donis:

But now from me his madding mind is ſtart,
And wooes the widows daughter of the glenne:
So now fair *Roſalind* hath bred his ſmart,
So now his friend is changed for a fren.

THENOT.

But if his ditties be ſo trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinol*, record ſome one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in ſight,
And we cloſe ſhrowded in this ſhade alone.

HOBBYNOL.

Contented I: then will I ſing his lay,
Of fair *Eliſa*, Queen of ſhepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a ſpring he lay,
And tuned it unto the waters fall.

YE dainty Nymphs, that in this bleſſed brook
Do bathe your breſt,
Forſake your watry bowres, and hither look
At my requeſt.
And eke you virgins that on Parnaſs dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well:
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praiſe,
Which in her ſex doth all excell.

Of fair *Eliſa* be your ſilver ſong,
That bleſſed wight:
The flowre of virgins, may ſhe flouriſh long
In princely plight.
For ſhe is *Syrinx* daughter without ſpot:
Which *Pan* the ſhepherds God of her begot:
So ſprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortal blemiſh may her blot.

See

At nunc â nobis furiato corde receſſit,
Et viduæ natam vicinæ uxorius ambit:
Sic, ſic angoris procudit Phyllis Alexi,
Sic pro non notâ mutatur amicus amicâ.

THYRSIS.

Quòd ſi tanta Venus juvenili in carmine ridet;
Unam nè pigeat mihi te recitâſſe Poeſin,
Dùm ſub conſpectu pecus utraque vellicat herbas,
Nóſq; hàc abſtruſi umbroſam recubamus ad ulmum.

MOPSUS.

Convenit: Ergo ejus de magna carmen Eliſa
Cantando recolam, (paſtorum ea maxima præſes.)
Quod panxit propter labentis murmura rivi,
Et ſtringens modulos ad lapſum attemperat undæ.

NYmphæ, lacteolæ Nymphæ, quæ flumine puro
Pectora lucidiora lavatis;
Pauliſper vitreis, vos oro, emergite tectis,
Meque rogante, reflectite viſus.
Túque innupta cohors Parnaſſia templa frequentans,
Defluit unde Helicon, ſanctis pia cura poetis;
Laudes doceto ebuccinare
Sydereæ celebres Eliſæ,
Fœminei ſexûs quæ longè antè eminet omnes.

Candida in æternum vobis ſit carmen Eliſa,
Illa per omnia virgo beata.
Virginei flos illa chori ſine fine vireſcat,
Sceptigeroque decore coruſcet.
Immaculata etenim Syringis filia fertur,
Quam Pani enixa eſt Thameſini ad littoris undam.
Indè orta Majeſtas relυxit,
Ætherea indè propago fulſit;
Cujus nè minimâ ſordeſcit gloria labe.

See where she sits upon the grassie green,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a Mayden Queen,
And Ermines white.
Upon her head a Crimosin Coronet,
With Damask Roses, and Daffadillies set:
Bay-leaves between,
And Primroses green,
Imbellish the white Violet:

Tell me, have you seen her Angel-like face,
Like *Phœbe* fair?
Her heavenly behaviour, her princely grace
Can you well compare?
The Red-rose medled with the white yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively cheere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majesty,
Where have you seen the like but there?

I saw *Phœbus* thrust out his golden head,
Upon her to gaze:
But when he saw, how broad her beams did spread,
It did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sun below,
Ne durst again his fiery face out-show:
Let him if he dare,
His brightness compare
With hers, to have the overthrow.

Shew thy self *Cynthia*, with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht:
When she the beams of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latona's* seed,
Such folly, great sorrow to *Niobe* did breed:

Now

En! viden' ? ô oculis ſpectacula grata tuentis!
Ut viridantibus aſſidet herbis.
Ut viridi vernat velamine regia virgo,
Pallia tincta virore refulgent.
Multicolor lambit regalia tempora ſertum,
Purpureo aſphodelis interlucente roſeto.
Has Daphnis interſerpit herbas,
Primula veris eam ſecuta,
Lucida luteolo pinxit violatia tinctu.

Dicite, divinos vultûs vidiſtis honores ?
Cynthia ut orbe micante renidet;
Regales habitus Majeſtatemque venuſtam
Anne quod æquer in orbe repertum ?
Alternæq; roſis interflua candida rubris
Vivo animans utraſque genas inſpirat honore.
En quale ſignum celſitatis
Ore oculoque micat pudico !
Obvia ubi veſtris ſpectacula talia ocellis ?

Auricomo (vidi) Phœbus caput extulit orbe,
Ut faciem tueatur Eliſæ;
Sed poſtquam vidit radiantia virginis ora,
Attonitus, ſtupiduſque receſſit;
Erubuitque alium ſubter ſe ſurgere ſolem,
Igniferumque iterum caput exeruiſſe timebat:
Lumen ſuum componat ergò
Auricomæ radiis Eliſæ,
Scilicet ut victus caput atrâ in nube recondat.

Eja, age, pande modò radios argentea Phœbe,
Si potes abſque rubore, micantes.
Quòd ſi tum formæ radios fortè explicet illa,
Ut ſubito inficis ora rubore !
Sed Latonigenæ non fas contendere proli
Iſtam, ſic Niobe numeroſâ morte cadebat;

Nunc

Now ſhe is a ſtone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot,
Such a Bellibone:
And *Syrinx* rejoyce, that ever was her lot
To bear ſuch an one.
Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milk-white Lamb:
She is my Goddeſs plain,
And I her ſhepheards ſwain,
Albe forſwonke and forſwat I am.

I ſee *Caliope* ſpeed her to the place,
Where my Goddeſs ſhines:
And after her the other Muſes trace
With their Violines.
Been they not Bay-branches, which they do bear
All for *Eliſa* in her hand to wear?
So ſweetly they play:
And ſing all the way,
That it a heaven is to hear.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot,
To the inſtrument:
They dauncen deffly, and ſingen ſoot,
In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the dance even?
Let that rowm to my Lady be yeven.
She ſhall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And reign with the reſt in heaven.

And

Nunc ſaxea ſqualeſcit arvis,
Aſſiduo liquefacta fletu;
Exemplóque alios iſtis à litibus arcet:

Fœlix, ô nimium fœlix Pan jure triumphet,
Quòd celebris pater audit Eliſæ.
Fortunata etiam ter & ampliùs aurea Syrinx,
Quòd cluet ancta progagine tanta.
Et ſimulac noſtri depulſi à matribus agni
Balabunt, ſtatuam huic villo candente bidentem.
Numen mihi ſemper colendum:
Huic ego mancipium perenne,
Calloſus licèt, & torrenti decolor æſtu.

En l ut Calliope feſtinat præpete curſu,
Quà radians dea noſtra coruſcat,
Agmine Pieridum circumſtipata ſororum,
Quæque vibrantia nablia geſtat!
Nonne triumphales victricia germina laurus,
Debita Eliſæa portant geſtamina dextræ?
Sic murmurant dulci ſuſurro
Fila trementia, itérque mulcent,
Ut videar fœlix mediis diſcumbere in aſtris.

Quam dextrè niſus accommodat alite talo
Ad modulamina Gratia triplex!
Aſpice quantâ agiles ineunt levitate choreas,
Ut modulatibus æthera mulcent.
An non una Charis deeſt, partibus angulus æquis
Ut coeat? Diæ ſedes hæc cedat Eliſæ;
Fiat Charis, nam ſic meretur,
Quartáque Gratia claudat orbem.
Atque olim rutilum, ſed ſerò, aſcendat Olympum.

And whether rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a row?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
That unto her go.
Chloris, that is the chiefeſt Nymph of all,
Of Olive branches bears a Coronall:
Olives been for peace,
When warres do ſurceaſe:
Such for a Princeſs beene principall.

Ye ſhepheards daughters that dwell on the green,
Hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that virgins been,
To adorn her Grace.
And when you come whereas ſhe is in place,
See, that your rudeneſs do not you diſgrace:
Bind your fillets faſt,
And gird in your waſte,
For more fineneſs with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Collumbine,
With Gilliflowers:
Bring Coronations, and ſops in wine,
Worne of Paramours.
Strow me the ground vvith Daffadovvndillies,
And Covvſlips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretty Pawnce,
And the Cheviſaunce,
Shall match with the fair flowre Delice.

Now riſe up *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
In royal ray:
And novv ye dainty Damſels may depart
Each on her vvay
I fear, I have troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame *Eliza* thank you for her ſong.

And

Nympharum quónam iſta cohors ruit incita tanta
Ordine continuata Caterva?
Agnoſco natas Thameſino in litore Nymphas:
Ad mea numina tendit Eliſam,
Quæque omnes formâ ſupereminet aurea Chloris,
Palladiâ textam præfert de fronde coronam:
Pacem decent frondes olivæ,
Cum ferus exulat orbe Mavors;
Unica reginæ debetur Palladis arbor.

Vicini ô proles paſtoria ruris alumnæ,
Eja agite approperate frequentes.
Sed nulla accedat, niſi caſtæ operata Dianæ,
Quæ nitidam comitetur Eliſam.
Et coràm innuptam cùm convenietis Eliſam,
Ruſticitas vobis nè quà ſit veſtra pudori,
Certâ comas nodate vittâ,
Faſciolâ cohibete pectus
Purpureâ, Tyrium quod murice tinxit ahenum.

Huc agite, huc plenis vaccinia ferte quaſillis,
Huc caſiæ cumuletis odores.
Ferte roſas feſtinæ, anemones germina ferte.
Germina Cypridi grata doloſæ:
Pulverulenta viæ flaventia lilia ſternant,
Aſphodeluſque ſolum verbaſco mixtus obumbret;
Huic bellis adnaſcatur, illi
Caltha metallum imitata fulvum.
Ultima nubigenas Iris mentita colores.

Surge virago potens nativis fulgida gemmis,
Sceptrigero radiata decore.
Quinetiam compta (monet hora) redite puellæ,
Semita quà ſua quamque reducet.
Ah vereor nè vos nimùm laſſavero, at ipſa
Imputet hoc vobis, quodcunque eſt, carmen Eliſæ.

Et

And if you come hither,
When Damſins I gather,
I will part them all you among.

THE NOT.

And was thilk ſame ſong of *Colins* own making?
Ah fooliſh boy, that is with love yblent:
Great pitty is, he be in ſuch taking,
For naught caren, that been ſo lewdly bent.

HOBBINOL:

Siker I hold him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing he cannot purchaſe.
But let us homeward: for night draweth on,
And twinckling ſtars the daylight hence chaſe.

MAY.

Æglogue 5.

PALINODE.

IS not this the merry month of *May*,
When love-lads masken in freſh array?
How falls it then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gaudie green?
Our blonket liveries been all too ſad,
For thilke ſame ſeaſon, when all is yclad
With pleaſance, the ground with graſs, the woods
With green leaves, the buſhes with bloſſoming buds.
Youthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather *May*-buskets, and ſmelling Breere:
And home they haſten the poſts to dight,
And all the Kirk pillers ere day light,

With

Etſi obvias vos fecerit ſors,
Cùm mihi pruna reponet arbor,
Arboreos fœtus inter vos partiar omnes.

THYRSIS.

Hoccine ſuaviloquus carmen pangebat Alexis?
Ah excors juvenis nimio excæcatus amore!
Ut piget huc cecidiſſe illum, nam ſcilicet omnes
Nil penſi ducunt, qui caſtra ſequuntur amoris.

MOPSVS.

Atque hoc delirare magìs mihi viſus Alexis,
Non reſponſuros quòd fervidus ambit amores.
Sed retrò relegamus iter, nox appetit atra,
Occiduamque fugant vibrantia ſydera lucem.

MAIUS.

Ægloga quinta:

DORILAS.

Dic mihi, dic ſodes, hicne anni gloria Māius?
Quando Dionæus renovata inſignia tyro
Induit, & viridi vultus geſtamine inumbrat.
Cur non nos lætâ laxamus gaudia fronte,
Ut reliqui vernâ præcinc̄ti tempora fronde?
En canum nobis pubenti ut diſcolor anno
Gauſape? quando omnis profitetur gaudia vultus,
Cum frondes ſylvas, & terram gramen opacat,
Et tenero hirſuti pubeſcunt germine vepres.
Nunc paſſim ad ſylvas glomeratur conflua pubes,
Ut verni primos ruris prædetur honores,
Mox regreſſa novo poſtes umbramine veſtit,
Anteque lucanis hilarat nova templa Corollis,

Congrege

With Hawthorne-buds, and ſweet Eglantine
And girlonds of Roſes, and ſops in wine.
Such merry-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we here ſitten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For yonkers *Palinode* ſuch follies fit,
But we tway been men of elder wit.

PALINODE.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I ſaw a ſhole of ſhepheards out-go,
With ſinging and ſhooting, and jolly cheere:
Before them yode a luſty tabrere,
That to the meynie a horne-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maid.
To ſee theſe folks make ſuch joviſaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the green-wood they ſpeeden them all
To fetchen home May with their muſicall:
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crowned as King: and his Queen attone
Was Lady *Flora*, on whom did attend
A faire flock of Faeries, and a freſh bend
Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-buſh bear!)
Ah *Piers*, been thy teeth on edge, to think,
How great ſport they gaynen with little ſwinke?

PIERS.

Perdie, ſo farre am I from envie,
That their fondneſs inly I pitty:
Thoſe faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their ſheep runne at large,
Paſſen their time, that ſhould be ſparely ſpent,
In luſtineſs and wanton merriment.
Whilke ſame been ſhepheards for the divels ſted,
That playen while their flocks be unfed.

Well

Congrege quas ſpinâ violaria lucida texunt,
Alterneque roſis interſita candida bellis.
Talia Sylvano frontem Satyriſque ſerenant,
Nos conſopiti ſtupido torpore ſedemus.

LYCIDAS.

Hæc (Doryla) teneris infantia convenit annis,
Altìus at ſaperet noſtra hæc maturior ætas.

DORYLAS.

Hac equidem aurorâ (nuper tranſacta renarro)
Egreſſos vidi denſo agmine ruris alumnos,
Solenni ſtreperos plauſu, feſtiſque choreis;
Cornicen his etiam buccoſus prævius ibat,
Qui tremulum raucis diverberat aera bombis:
Dum (latus unicuique ſuâ ſtipante puellâ)
Hi peronato gaudent pede plaudere terram.
Hanc dum lætitiam ſtupui, fremituſque ſecundos,
Æmula ſubſultant parili præcordia geſtu.
Inde petunt virides glomerato examine ſylvas,
Ut primùm verni carpant libamina Maii.
Tum Faunum ſolio fultum, cinctumque corollis
Arboreum geſtant; huic conjux aſſidet unà
Flora novo peplo ſolito conſpectior; illam
Stipant denſato famulantes agmine Nymphæ.
(O hujus partem eſſe chori, ſi fata dediſſent,
Cum Nymphis Floram ut ſociâ cervice ſubirem!)
O Lycida, potis es non intabeſcere, tantas
Delicias recolens nullo conamine partas?

LYCIDAS.

His ut ego invideam? (Doryla) quin ſemper eorum
Et miror miſerorque imo deliria corde:
Infrænes quòd nullâ obeant ſua munia curâ,
Sed pecudes paſſi paſſim ſinè lege vagari,
Decurrunt vitam parcè cautèque terendam
Ebria turba joci, laſcivo diffluariſu.
Tartareum genus hoc paſtorum emerſit ab orco,
Qui ludunt dum grex agros jejunus oberrat;

Apparet

Well it is ſeen their ſheep is not their owne,
That leten them run at randon alone.
But they been hired for little pay,
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flock, ſo they han the fleece,
And get all the gain, paying but a peece.
I muſe what account both theſe will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take:
And th' other for leaving his Lords taske,
When great *Pan* account of ſhepheards ſhall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I ſee thou ſpeakeſt of ſpight,
All for thou lackeſt ſomedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pittied:
And yet, if need were, pittied would be,
Rather then other ſhould ſcorn at me:
For pittied is miſhap, that nas remedie,
But ſcorned been deeds of fond foolerie.
What ſhoulden ſhepheards other things tend,
Then ſith their God his good does them ſend
Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleaſure?
The while they here liven, at eaſe and leaſure.
For when they be dead, their good is ygo,
They ſleepen in reſt, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends, what they ſpent in coſt,
But what they left behind them, is loſt.
Good is no good, but if it be ſpend:
God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinode*, thou art a worlds child:
Who touches pitch mought needs be defil'd.

But

Apparet liquidò gregis hos tantùm eſſe magiſtros,
Non Dominos, quòd non prohibent errare vagantes:
Nempe hos conduxit levior mercedula, qualem
Indulgent alii, pretium quos majus opimat;
Commiſſæ pecudis ſed par incuria damnat,
Dum raſo ad vivum ſe involvunt vellere pigri,
Et totum nacti dant de Centuſſe deuncem.
Sed quamnam poterunt rationem reddere, miror,
Quando paſtorum Pan maximus arbiter, olim
Æquo ſubducet rationes cuique lapillo:
Alter mercedis quòd tantum acceperit, alter
Poſthabuit propriis domini quòd ſeria ludo.

DORYLAS.

Hæc equidem credo motum livore locutum,
Nempe tibi deeſt horum aliquâ de parte voluptas;
Aſt ego quæ ſors cunque ferat, livoris iniqui
Malo peti morſu, quàm ſic miſerabilis eſſe:
Malo tamen clades, malo miſerandus haberi,
Quàm me riderent toto vicinia pago.
Nempe ſolent miſerari ægrè reparabile damnum,
Nos riſu dignos facit imprudentia: verùm
Quid majus ſaperet paſtorum ruſtica pubes,
Cùm facilis largâ Pan auxerit omnia dextrâ,
Munere quàm divûm conceſſos carpere fructus,
Securè placidum permenſi molliter ævum?
Nam vitâ caſſis evanuit alma voluptas
Cum flatu ſummo, at multis cum millibus inde
Illi indormiſcunt placidæ ſine fine quieti.
Quod decoxerunt vivi comitatur euntes,
Æternùm periit quicquid poſt fata relinquunt:
Non bona ſunt ubi fructus abeſt, ubi tollitur uſus:
Non alium Deus ob finem bona commodat ulli.

LYCIDAS.

Euge voluptatis Doryla enervate ſatelles
Attigerit quicunque picem hac temeratus abibit:

Verùm

But Shepheards (as *Algrind* uſed to ſay)
Mought not live ylike, as men of the lay.
With them it fits to care for their heyre,
Enaunter their heritage doe empayre:
They muſt provide for means of maintenance,
And to continue their wonte countenance.
But ſhepheard muſt walk another way,
Sike worldly ſovenaunce he muſt foreſay.
The ſonne of his loynes why ſhould he regard,
To leave enriched with that he hath ſpar'd?
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
Eke cheriſh his child, if in his wayes he ſtood?
For if he miſlive, in lewdneſs and luſt,
Little bootes all the wealth and the truſt,
That his father left by inheritance,
All will be ſoone waſted with miſgovernaunce,
But through this, and other their miſcreance,
They maken many a wrong cheviſance,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The flouds thereof ſhall them overflow:
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better, then to the apes fooliſh care,
That is ſo enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, ſuch cauſe hath ſhe none)
That with her hard hold, and ſtraight embracing,
She ſtoppeth the mouth of her youngling.
So oftentimes, when as good is ment,
Evil enſueth of wrong intent.
The time was once, and may again return:
(For oft may happen that hath been beforne)
When ſhepheards had none inheritance,
Ne of land, nor fee in ſufferance:
But what might ariſe of the bare ſheep,
(Were it more or leſs) which they did keep.
Well ywis was it with ſhepheards tho:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgo.

For

Verùm paſtores (cecinit ſic Tityrus olim)
Non decet ad mores nummoſæ vivere plebis;
Scilicet hanc par eſt hæredis cura fatiget;
Nè poſthac vacuâ decreſcat filius arcâ;
Vtque etiam parili decurrat vita tenore
Conſuluiſſe decet, nè deficiente crumenâ
Parta apud inſtabilem vileſcat gratia plebem.
Aſt alio vitam decurrat limite paſtor,
Hunc ſibi terrenas decet interdicere curas.
Quorſum indulgeret proprio de corpore natis,
Diuitiis, ut eos, queis parſerat ipſe, bearet?
Annon ille Deus, qui tanta indulſerat illi,
Et natis etiam ſimili ſua dona tenore
Transfundet, ſi trita prement veſtigia patris?
Quòd ſi tranſverſum rapit ambitus atque libido,
Fruſtrà diuitiæ, patris fiducia fruſtrà
Suſtentant, mox cuncta nepos hæc decoquet hæres.
Sæpè in munificos hæc diffidentia dives
Fecit, ut accerſant votis ſibi damna nocivis;
Diuitiarum undas miſerè ſinè fine cientes
Seſe abſorpturas: horum deliria tanta
Nil meliùs referet, quàm impenſè ſedula mater
Simia, inexpletùm quæ ſic indulget amori
Innatos, (nec cauſa apparet amoris) ut illos
Implicitis arctè dum ſtringit colla lacertis,
Suffocent avidis maternæ amplexibus ulnæ.
Sic quandoque bonum cùm mens concepit amica,
Errans dextra malum infauſto producit abortu.
Tempus erat quondam, quod & olim fortè redibit,
(Nam poterit rurſum quicquid fuit antè reverti)
Cùm nuſquam patrii reditus, nec cenſus avitus
Paſtori ceſſit, nec junctis prædia campis:
Quicquid at humanos ipſo ex grege ſurgit in uſus.
(Pluſve minúſve) fuit paſtoris ſumma peculî.
Fœlices illo paſtores jugiter ævo,
Perdere nil unquam, quòd nil habuere, timebant.

Nempe

For *Pan* himſelf was their inheritance,
And little them ſerved for their maintenance.
The ſhepheards God ſo well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided:
Butter enough, honey, milk and whay,
And their flock fleeces them to array.
But tract of time, and long proſperity,
(That nource of vice, this of inſolency)
Lulled the ſhepheards in ſuch ſecurity,
That not content with loyal obeyſance,
Some gan to gape for greedy governance:
And match themſelves with mighty Potentates,
Lovers of *Lordſhips*, and troublers of States.
Tho gan ſhepheards ſwains to look aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learn to ligge ſoft.
Tho under colour of ſhepheards, ſome-while,
There crept in Wolves, full of fraude and guile,
That often devoured their own ſheep,
And often the ſhepheard that did them keep.
This was the firſt ſourſe of ſhepheards ſorrow,
That now will be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three things to bear been very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbear, is outragious.
Women that of loves longing once luſt,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they muſt.
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reveage, is hard to aſſwage.
And who can counſel a thirſty ſoule
With patience to forbear the offered boule?
But of all burdens, that a man can bear,
Moſt is, a fools talk to bear and to hear.
I weene the Giant has not ſuch a weight,
That bears on his ſhoulders the heavens height.

Thou

Nempe illis Pan ipſe in ſortem ceſſit, & inde
Contenti parvo peragebant ſæcla paratu.
Namque hos munifici Panos ſic cura fovebat,
Ut nil deficeret, ſemper nova maſſa butyri
Suppeteret, nec mel deeſſet, nec copia lactis;
Sufficerentque gregum ad texendas vellera veſtes.
Temporis at tractus diuturnáque copia rerum.
Hic vitii ſator, illa gravis nutricula faſtûs,
Paſtorum turbam utramvis ſopivit in aurem;
Indè oblita ſui, parere oblita priori,
Inſidos miſeranda ambire incepit honores.
Hinc ſe in amicitiam magnatum immergere ſueta,
Turbatrixque ſtatus, aucepſque evaſit honorum;
Tum peronatus ſuſtollere cornua paſtor,
Frugalem vitam penitus dediſcere, plumâ,
Aſſuetum quondam dio, latus abdere cœpit;
Indè lupus falsâ paſtoris imagine tectus
Irrepſit, fœtúſque dolis, fraudúmque peritus;
Qui non tondet oves; verùm deglubit, & unà
Deglutit rabidè miſeras, laniátque magiſtros:
Tantorum fons hinc ebulliit ille malorum
Paſtorum turbæ, nullâ ſiſtendus ab arte.

DORYLAS.

Hæc tria ſuſtinuiſſe æquâ cervice moleſtum;
At quartum (mihi crede) ipsâ eſt oneroſius Ætnâ:
Fœmina inexpleto pruritu accenſa juventa,
Non æſtus ſedat, ſi non potiatur amato.
Sic quoties ſubito bilis ſcintillat ab irâ
Ferveſcens ægrè, deſit vindicta, reſidet:
Quis ſuadebit ei, quem jam ſitis aſpera torret,
Ut ſibi ab oblatis patienter temperet undis?
Sed nil tam miſerum quàm ſtulti audire loquelam,
Intempeſtivâ glomerantis plurima linguâ.
Vix oneris tantum reor incubuiſſe Giganti,
Stelliferum rigidus qui ſuccollabat Olympum.

Quid

Thou findeſt fault, where nys to be found,
And buildeſt ſtrong warke upon a weak ground.
Thou rayleſt on right without reaſon,
And blameſt hem much for ſmall encheaſon.
How woulden ſhepheards live, if not ſo?
What ſhould they pynen in pain and woe?
Nay, ſay I thereto, by my dear borrow,
If I may reſt, I nill live in ſorrow.
Sorrow ne need to be haſtened on:
For he will come without calling anon:
While times enduren of tranquilitie,
Uſen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the ſtormy ſtowres, (ſhowres.
We mought with our ſhoulders bear off the ſharpe
And ſooth to ſaine, nought ſeemeth like ſtrife,
That ſhepheards ſo twiten each others life,
And layen their faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done each of them ſcorne.
Let none miſlike of that may not be amended:
So contecke, ſoon by concord, mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I liſt no accordance make
With ſhepheard, that does the right way forſake.
And of the twaine, if choyſe were to me,
Had lever my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concord han light and darke ſam?
Or what peace has the Lyon with the Lamb?
Such faitors, when their falſe hearts been hid,
Will do as did the Foxe by the Kid.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of fellowſhip, tell us that ſaying:
For the Lad can keep both our flocks from ſtraying.

PIERS.

Quid maculam tentas niveis affundere? quorſum
Extruis efragili tantam fundamine molem?
Jus æquum nullâ motus ratione laceſſis,
Reprendiſque, ubi nec crimen, nec criminis umbra.
Dic age, quam velles (quoniam tibi diſplicet iſta)
Paſtorum vitam? vis hos tabeſcere curis?
Non ità per nobis communia numina Pana:
Namque me curæ, ſeries hue immenſa laborum
Torquebunt, proprii mea dum ſunt otia juris:
Non opus eſt abſentem accerſiviſſe dolorem,
Excubat ante fores, non invitatus adibit:
Quin igitur læti, dum pax beat aurea terras,
Deliciis fruimur, quas indulgentia cæli
Affudit nobis, fuerint ſed nubila poſtquam
Tempora, ſunt diris capita objectanda periclis.
Crede mihi, laudi multùm lis derogat iſta
Paſtorum, alterius vitam quod quiſque reprendit;
Inque vicem ſua dum denudant crimina vulgo,
Alterna adverſæ fiunt ludibria parti.
Nemo igitur poſthac quicquam immedicabile carpat,
Sic cito peſtiferam dirimet concordia litem.

LYCIDAS.

Non ego paſtori jungam commercia cuiquam,
A recto flexos qui torquet ad avia greſſus:
Et ſi quando mihi talis datur optio, malim
Infeſtum fieri, certo quàm fœdere junctum.
Quænam cum tenebris eſſet concordia lucis?
Quæ pax immiti eſt agnum junctura leoni?
Hi vafri ficto mentiti pectora vultu
Omnibus imponent, ut vulpes luſerat hœdum.

DORYLAS.

Euge age, (mi Lycida) rogo per communia noſtri
Jura ſodalitii, dictum hoc detexe ſodali:
En utrique gregi ſataget puer iſte tuendo.

LYCIDAS.

PIERS.

THilke ſame Kidde (as I can well deviſe)
Was too verie fooliſh and unwiſe.
For on a time in ſummer ſeaſon,
The Goat her dame, that had good reaſon,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To brouze, or play, or what ſhe thought good.
But, for ſhe had a motherly care
Of her young ſon, and wit to beware,
She ſet her youngling before her knee,
That was both freſh, and lovely to ſee,
And full of favour, as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to ſhoot out,
And his wreathed horns gan newly ſprout:
The bloſſoms of luſt to bud did begin,
And ſprung forth rankly under his chin.
My ſon (quoth ſhe) and with that gan weep:
(For carefull thoghts in her heart did creep)
God bleſs thee poor orphan as he mought me,
And ſend thee joy of thy jollitie.
Thy father (that word ſhe ſpake with pain,
For a ſigh had nigh rent her heart in twain)
Thy father, had he lived this day,
To ſee the branches of his body diſplay,
How would he have joyed at this ſweet ſight?
But ah, falſe fortune ſuch joy did him ſpite;
And cut off his daies with untimely woe,
Betraying him unto the trains of his foe.
Now I a wailfull widow behight,
Of my old age have this one delight,
To ſee thee ſucceed in thy fathers ſtead,
And flouriſh in flowers of luſtie head.
For even ſo thy father his head upheld,
And ſo his haughty horns did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her heart did ariſe,

LYCIDAS.

ILle equidem (meminisse satis, & memorare juvabit)
Imprudens nimiùm fuit, atque improvidus hœdum.
Nam casu quodam, (tum fervida canduit æstas)
Capra hujus mater, paulò sapientior hœdo,
Exivit septis, sylvasque petivit opacas,
Seu salices libuit tondere, aut ludere in umbra:
Et quòd maternas fovit sub pectore curas
De nato, ingeniumque sagax cavisse tenello,
Pro genibus posuit petulantis pectora nati,
Qui multùm vegetus, & teneris amabilis annis;
Inter lascivos nullus præstantior hœdos:
Lanugo capitis molli juvenescere pelle
Cœperat, & latáque erumpere cornua fronte:
Germina nascentis cœpere libidinis illi
Subter setosum lætè pubescere mentum.
Nate, inquit, (lachrymæ simul erupêre frequentes,
(Nam materna acres urebant pectora curæ)
Dii faveant orbóque tibi, viduæque parenti,
Lætitiàque tuam vegetant florente juventam.
Ah pater (hoc multo verbum eluctata labore,)
Nam propè ruperunt miseras suspiria fibras)
Ah pater, ah lucem tibi si superesset in istam,
Corporis ille sui ut sic luxuriantia cernat
Germina, ut afficerent lætam hæc spectacula mentem?
Gaudia at hæc illi fortuna invidit iniqua,
Intempestivis præcidens cladibus annos,
Insidiatoris quem prodidit artibus hostis.
Nunc ego crudeli vidua usque exesa dolore,
Hæc habeo miseræ solatia sola senectæ,
In patris vidisse locum succedere natum,
Vernantis vegeto pubentem flore juventæ;
Nempe caput sic erectum pater antè gerebat,
Et procera pari librabat cornua gestu.
Indè notans oculis multùm rorantibus illum,
Ingentes imo gemitus de pectore traxit,

And interrupted all her other ſpeech,
With ſome old ſorrow that made a new breach.
Seemed ſhe ſaw (in her younglings face)
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At laſt her ſullen ſilence ſhe broke,
And gan his new budded beard to ſtroke.
Kiddie (quoth ſhe) thou kenſt the great care,
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wild beaſts liggen in wait
For to intrap in thy tender ſtate:
But moſt the Fox, Maiſter of colluſion:
For he has vowed thy laſt confuſion.
For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And never give truſt to his treacherie:
And if he chance come when I am abroad,
Sparre the yate faſt, for fear of fraud.
Ne for all his worſt, nor for his beſt,
Open the dore at his requeſt.
So ſchooled the Goat her wanton ſon,
That anſwered his mother all ſhould be done.
Tho went the penſive dame out of doore,
And chaunſt to ſtumble at the threſhold floore:
Her ſtumbling ſtep ſomewhat her amazed,
(For ſuch as ſignes of ill luck hath been diſpraiſed)
Yet forth ſhe vode, thereat half agaſt,
And kiddie the dore ſparred after her faſt.
It was not long after ſhe was gone,
But the falſe Fox came to the dore anone.
Not as a Fox, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poor Pedler he did wend:
Bearing a truſs of trifles at his back,
As bells and babies, and glaſſes in his pack.
A biggen he had got about his brain,
For in his head-peece he felt a ſore pain.
His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.

There

Singultu medias interrumpente querelas;
Nam rediviva acuit ſopitos cura dolores.
Forſan pubenti fœtûs in fronte tenelli
Expreſsè vultûs eluxit imago paterni.
Tandem jamdudum ſuſpenſa ſilentia rumpit,
Et cœpit mulcere olidæ nova germina barbæ.
Hœdule chare, (inquit) nôſti quàm me anxia ſemper
Sollicitat Veſtræ metuentem cura ſaluti;
Namque tibi inſidias multæ poſuere ferarum,
Præque aliis tectas callens vulpecula frandes
Extremas clades vovet, exitiumque minatur;
Ergò maternis monitis te trade regendum,
Fucatiſque dolis hujus nè crede ſalutem.
Dúmque domi non ſum, ſi fortè advenerit iſthuc,
Munitas occlude fores, fraudemque timeto.
Nec te promiſſis inducat vafra, minísve,
Oſtia utì ignoto cuiquam reſerata pateſcant.
Laſcivum his monitis inſtruxit ſedula natum;
Qui ſe facturum ſpondet mandata parentis.
Tum demum ſeptis egreſſa eſt anxia mater,
Primo ſucciduos offendens limine greſſus.
Incuſſit quendam greſsûs offenſa ſtuporem;
(Scilicet infamis funeſto eſt omine ſortis)
Sed terrent licèt attonitam præſagia, pergit.
Protinus indè fores juſſi memor obſerat hœdus;
Interea egreſſam parvo poſt tempore capram,
Fœta dolis venit ad clauſas vulpecula caulas;
Non vulpem confeſſa palàm, nè noſceret hœdus,
Sed quaſi vicatim ſolitus divendere merces
Emporus: à tergo nugarum ſarcina pendet,
Pupæ, tinnitus nolæ, ſpeculique nitores.
Circumfuſa caput redimibat faſcia, nempe
Æſtuat affectum febris fervore cerebrum.
Panno poſterior pes circumvenute latebat
Implicitus, tulerat frigus brumale podagram.

There at the dore he caſt me down his pack:
And laid him down, and groned, alack, alack:
Ah deere Lord, and ſweet ſaint Charitie,
That ſome good body would once pitty me.
Well heard Kiddie all this ſore conſtraint,
And lengd to know the cauſe of his complaint:
Tho creeping cloſe behind the wickets clinke,
Privily he peeped out through a chincke:
Yet not ſo privily but the Fox him ſpied.
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah, good young maſter (then gan he cry)
Jeſus bleſs that ſweet face I eſpie,
And keep your corps from the carefull ſtounds
That in my carrion carkas abounds.
The Kidde, pittying his heavineſs,
Asked the cauſe of his great diſtreſs,
And alſo who, and whence that he were?
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear:
Sick, ſick, alas, a little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beaſtly-head.
I am a poor ſheep, albe my colour's dun:
For with long travel I am brent in the ſun.
And if that, my Grandſire me ſaid, be true,
Siker I am very ſybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead do not diſdain
The baſe kinred of ſo ſimple ſwaine.
Of mercy and favour then I you pray,
With your ayde to foreſtall my neer decay.
Tho out of his pack a glaſs he took:
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did look,
He was ſo enamoured with the newell,
That nought he deemed dear for the Jewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The falſe Fox, as he were ſtark lame.

His

Illic ſarcinulas dejecit ad oſtia vulpes,
Decubuitque ſolo, gemituſque eduxit ab alto,
O Deus! O quotcunque tenetis Numina cœlos,
Reſpicite hùc oro, tandem & miſereſcite noſtri.
Iſtos incautus queſtus perceperat hœdus,
Atque audire cupit, quæ tantæ cauſa querelæ.
Hinc ſeſubducens poſt oſtia clauſa latebat,
Et clam per rimam cupidos tranſmiſit ocellos:
Nec ſic occultè, quin vulpes vafra videret.
(Vafricies utrinque oculos gerit æmula Jani)
Ut vidit, clamare inceperat, ô here, Divi
Frontis, quam video, lætos tueantur honores,
Ulceribuſque intacta iſtis tua corpora præſtent,
Quæ mihi per totum manant diffuſa cadaver.
Imo hœdus tantos miſerans è corde dolores,
Scitatur tantos moveat quæ cauſa dolores,
Et quisnam ſiet, unde ſatus, quò tenderet inde?
Tandem hæc jampridem ſat reſpondere parata,
Crebris fallacem lachrymis rorata loquelam;
Eheu! ægra nimis, nimis ægra, ereboque propinqua,
Mox tua ſubveniat niſi munificentia lapſæ:
En ovis, iſte color quamvis obſcurior æquo,
Nempe alias peragrantem oras me torruit æſtas.
Et, modò ſit verum quod dixit avunculus olim,
Sum tibi vicinâ conſanguinitate propinqua:
(Si tua Nobilitas tantis natalibus orta,
Non tam degeneris contagia ſanguinis horret)
Affinis miſerere tuæ, miſerere miſellæ,
Auxilioque tuo inſtantem præverte ruinam.
Sic ait, & ſpeculi fulgentis ſuſtulit orbem.
Hunc improviſo temerarius inſpicit hœdus,
Inſidioſa nimis novitas quem mercis ineſcat,
Ut nil, nè fulvum curum contrà æſtimet aurum.
Indè fores aperit feſtinus, vafraque vulpes
Ingreſſa alterno cunctatur poſſite greſſus,

His tail he clapt, betwixt his leggs twain,
Left he ſhould be deſcryed by his train.
Being within, the Kidd made him good glee,
All for the love of the glaſs he did ſee.
After his chear, the Pedlar gan chat,
And tell many leſings of this, and that:
And how he could ſhew many a fine knack,
Tho ſhewed his ware, and opened his pack,
All ſave a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidd to find.
Which when the Kidd ſtooped down to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne ſtayed he once, the dore to make faſt,
But ran away with him in all haſte.
Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
She mought ſee the dore ſtand open wide.
All agaſt, lowdly ſhe gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould anſwere at all.
Tho on the flore ſhe ſaw the marchandiſe,
Of which her ſon had ſet too dear a price.
What help? her Kidde ſhe knew well is gone:
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde: for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with ſimplicity:
And ſuch end pardie does all hem remain
That of ſuch falſers friendſhip been fain.

PALINODE.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beſide thy wit,
Furtheſt fro the mark, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our ſir *John* to ſay to morrow
At the Kirk, when it is holyday:
For well he means, but little can ſay.
But and if Foxes been ſo crafty, as ſo,
Much needeth all ſhepheards hem to know.

PIERS.

In morem claudi, caudem ſub ventre recondens,
Nè villoſa nimis ſpectanti proderet hœdo;
Ingreſſam ignarus lætâ fronte excipit hoſpes,
Spe nitidi ductus ſpeculi, quod viderat antè:
Poſt epulas fallax fabellas Emporus orſus,
Plurima de variis texit mendacia rebus,
Mirandaſque crepat nugas, tum evolvere cœpit
Sarcinulas, hœdoque ſuas exponere merces,
Evacuátque arcam, ſed nolam liquit in illa,
Hœdus ut inveniat; quam cùm conſpexerat ille,
Senſim demittens ſe inflexo corpore, captat.
Ut vidit vulpes, citò præcipitavit in arcam,
Occluſitque ſerâ; mora nulla, haud ſepta laborat
Claudere, ſublatâ feſtinat ad antra rapinâ.
Poſtea quando domum remeaverat anxia mater,
Aſpicit & patulos nudato limine poſtes,
Altâ voce ſuum ſtupefacta inclamitat hœdum,
Hœdum iterat, natúmque iterat, vox nulla redibat.
Indè lares intra digeſtas ordine merces
Conſpexit, magnô nimiùm quas emerat ille.
Quid faceret? periiſſe ſuum jam comperit hœdum.
Ergo multa gemens queſtu vicina fatigat.
Hæc hœdi clades, quòd non vitaverat artes,
Mentitæ velum quas ſimplicitatis obumbrat.
Et certè reliquos idem manet exitus omnes,
Qui cum tam vafris commercia jungere gaudent.

DORYLAS.

Jam reor emotam ceſſiſſe à cardine mentem,
Nam metam fixiſſe ratus modò, longiùs erras.
Nunc me quæſo ſinas fabellam hanc mutuò ſumam,
Noſter cras ſacrâ quam detonet ade Joannes.
(Feſta ea nempe dies) faciet cum verba popello.
Nam benè cùm ſentit, vix pauccula dicere novit.
At tot fallendi vulpes ſi calleat artes,
Paſtorum exploret ætas ſollertia ne hæc.

LACIDAS.

PIERS.

Of their falſhood more could I recount,
But now the bright ſun ginneth to diſmount:
And for the dewie night now draw'th nie,
I hold it beſt for us home to hie:

JVNE.

Æglogue 6.

HOBBINOL.

LO *Colin*, here the place, whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring mind;
Tel me, what wants me here, to work delight?
The ſimple ayre, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, ſo coole, as no where elſe I find:
The graſſie ground with dainty Daiſies dight,
The bramble buſh, where birds of every kind
To th' waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLIN.

O happy *Hobbinol*, I bleſs thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe hath found which *Adam* loſt.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolves to be ytoſt:
Thy lovely layes heere mayeſt thou freely boſte:
But I, unhappy man, whom cruel fate,
And angry Gods purſue from coſte to coſte,
Can no where find to ſhroud my luckleſs pate.

HOBBINOL.

Then if by me thou liſt adviſed be,
Forſake thy ſoyle, that ſo doth thee bewitch,

Leave

LYCIDAS.

Plurima de vulpis poteram recitare dolosis
Artibus: at nunc Phœbus equûm fumantia solvit
Colla jugo, properat madidis nox roscida pennis.
Retrò maturemus iter, casulásque petamus.

JUNIUS.

Ægloga sexta.

MOPSUS.

EN locus, en cujus positus peramœnus (Alexi)
Jam reliquos fecit præ se sordescere campos!
Ecquid dulce usquam quod quis desideret istîc?
Aer quàm liquidus! quàm lene assibilat aura!
Quàm gelida! anne ullo tam mitis spirat ab axe?
Ut ridet vario distinctus gramine campus!
Ut dumeta virent, avibus domus hospita blandis,
Labenti modulos quæque accommodat undæ.

ALEXIS.

O fœlix, nate ô fausto sub sydere, Mopse,
Tu multùm quæsita tenes fœlicia Tempe:
Hîc matutinæ, sero hîc sub vespere vestræ
Errabunt pecudes omni à discrimine tutæ,
Vicinisque tuos sylvis resonabis amores.
Ast ego, quem semper non exorabile fatum
Jactat, & irati nimia inclementia cœli,
Non reperi, infaustum caput in qua sede recondam.

MOPSUS.

Ergo si monitus non aspernabere nostros,
Illicò linque illum, qui te malè fascinat, agrum;

Linque

Leave me thoſe hilles, where harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor holy-buſh, nor breere, nor winding witch:
And to the dales reſort, where ſhepheards ritch,
And fruitfull flocks been every where to ſee:
Here no night Ravens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor elviſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly owles do flee.

But friendly Fayeries, met with many Graces,
And light-foot Nymphes can chaſe the lingring night,
With heydegives, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt ſiſters nine, which dwell on Parnaſs hight,
Do make them muſick for their more delight,
And *Pan* himſelf to kiſs their cryſtal faces,
Will pipe and dance, when *Phœbe* ſhineth bright:
Such peereleſs pleaſures have we in theſe places.

COLIN.

And I, whilſt youth, and courſe of careleſs years,
Did let me walk without links of love,
In ſuch delights did joy amongſt my peeres:
But riper age ſuch pleaſures doth reprove,
My fancy eke from former follies move
To ſtayed ſteps: for time in paſſing wears
(As garments doen, which wexen old above)
And draweth new delights with hoarie hayres.

Tho couth I ſing of love, and tune my pipe
Unto my plaintive pleas in verſes made:
Tho would I ſeek for Queen-apples unripe,
To give my *Roſalinde*, and in Summers ſhade
Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,
To crown her golden locks: but years more ripe,
And loſs of her, whoſe love as life I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBBINOL.

Linque illas colles, ubi rarior umbra, coronant
Quos nulli frutices, nec amicæ vitibus ulmi.
Te recipe ad valles, ubi mille opuleſcere cernes
Paſtores, multóque greges ſuccreſcere fœtu.
Nulla hïc nycticorax latis pernoctat in agris,
Nec torui lemures, nec ferali omine bubo.

At Laribus blandis occurſat Gratia triplex,
Et Nymphæ alipedes chorea plaudente fatigant
Tardigradam noctem, concinnóque ordine preſſa
Dia ſolum certo ſignant veſtigia ductu:
Et Parnaſſiaci doctus chorus accola montis
Stridula ad artifices attemperat organa greſſus:
Pan quoque marmoreis affigat ut oſcula labris,
Ad Lunam calamoſque inflat, ducítque choreas.
Tanta iſtîc oritur nuſquam aquiparanda voluptas.

ALEXIS.

Immò ego dum juvenis, dum me ſecurior ætas
Nexibus inſani nondum implicuiſſet amoris,
Æquævos inter gaudebam luſibus iisdem,
Quos jam proſcripſit paulò maturior ætas
Noſtráque ab aſſuetis alienans pectora nugis,
Dirigit in melius greſſus: nam labilis ætas;
Deteritur, veſtis velut inveteraſcit habendo,
Deliciáſque novas ſecum trahit alba ſenectus.

Tum mihi carmen amor lugubre ſonante cicutâ,
Mœrore dulces tum fermentare querelâ
Aſſuevi cantus, & nondum mitia poma
Avulſi invitis (ut ferrem Phyllidi) ramis.
Æſtivâque novos umbrâ decerpere flores
Cura fuit, capiti gratum geſtamen amato.
Sed mea nunc annis paulò maturior ætas,
Et præcerta mihi præ vitâ chara puella
Ægra hæc pertæſa pepulerunt gaudia mente.

HOBBINOL.

Colin, to hear thy rimes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastfull hils to sing,
I more delight, then Larke in Summer dayes:
Whose Eccho made the nighbour grove to ring,
And taught the byrdes, which in the lower spring,
Did shrowde in shadie leaves from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy song their chearfull cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet layes.

I saw *Calliope* with Muses moe,
Soon as thy Oaten pipe began to sound,
Their Ivorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountain where they sate around,
Renne after hastily thy silver sound. (showe,
But when they came where thou thy skil didst
They drew aback, as half with shame confound,
Shepheards to see, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of Muses, *Hobbinol*, I con no skill,
For they been daughters of the highest *Jove*,
And holden scorn of homely shepheards quill:
For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phœbus* strove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hill,
But piping low, in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please my self, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne strive to win renown, or pass the rest:
With shepheards sit not follow flying fame:
But feed his flock in fields, where falls him best.
I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely drest,
The fitter they, my carefull case to frame:

Enough

MOPSUS:

Gratius eſt multò veſtrum mihi carmen (Alexi)
Lùdere quod montis dorſo ſqualente ſolebas,
Blandius quàm æſtivâ garritus acanthidis horâ.
Nam tua vicinæ referunt modulamina ſylvæ,
Quæ volucres propter labentis murmura rivi,
Tectas frondosâ à radiis ſolaribus umbrâ
Invitant veſtris cantando alludere cannis,
Aut cogunt tanto ſtupidas mutescere cantu.

Vidi ego Calliopen turbâ comitante ſororum,
Cùm tua dulciſonos exorſa eſt fiſtula cantus,
Neglectis citharis, & eburni verbere plectri
Fontéque deſerto, modò quem cinxere coronâ,
Ad tua præcipiti ferri modulamina curſu:
Tandem progreſſis, quà tu modulatus avenâ
Artem oſtentabas, ſtupefacta hinc quæque retrorſum
Reflexit greſſus, ſubito ſuffuſa pudore,
Paſtorem cernens cantu prævertere Muſas.

ALEXIS.

Muſarum nec gnarus ego, nec notus ab illis:
Iſtas nempe ferunt ortas Jove patre ſorores;
Hinc dedignari graciles paſtoris avenas,
Panáque Phœbæo calamos componere plectro
Auſum, perpetuam famæ attraxiſſe lituram.
Hinc Parnaſſiaci deſperans ardua montis,
Hîc humiles inter tutâ ſub valle Myricas
Ad libitum, tenuem (rudiùs licet) inflo cicutam.

Nec morſus unquam ſtulti, aut præconia vulgi:
Adverto, aut laudem ſitio, palmamve canendi
Ambio ſolicitus: blandos captare ſuſurros
Famæ paſtorem nequaquam Mopſe decebit;
Sed paviſſe gregem quà læti paſcua campi.
Aſperiora ſcio, limâ rudiore polita
Carmina noſtra, at eò magè ſorti accommoda noſtræ;

Expli-

Enough is me to paint out my unreſt,
And poure my pitious plants out in the ſame.

The God of ſhepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can to make:
He, whilſt he lived, was the ſoveraign head
Of ſhepheards all, that been with love ytake.
Well couth he wayle his woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames, which love within his heart hath bred,
And tell us merry tales, to keep us wake,
The while our ſheep about us ſafely fed.

Then ſhould my plaints, caus'd of diſcourteſee,
As meſſengers of my painfull plight,
Fly to my love, where ever that ſhe bee,
And pearce her heart with point of worthy wight:
As ſhe deſerves, that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.
And thou *Menalcas*, that by trechery,
Didſt underfong my Lady, to wexe ſo light,
Should'ſt well be known for ſuch thy villany.

But ſince I am not as I wiſh I were,
Ye gentle ſhepheards, which your flocks do feed,
Whether on hils, or dales, or other where,
Bear witneſs all of this ſo wicked deed:
And tell the Laſs, whoſe flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultleſs faith is turned to faithleſs feer,

That

Explicuiſſe meos furiati pectoris æſtus
Sat mihi, lugubrique animum exonerâſſe querelâ.

Tityrus ille, Deus paſtorum, Tityrus ille
Occidit, edocuit qui pangere primus Alexin
Quomodocunque licet, dum vixit ſignifer ille
Paſtorum, inſano quotquot capiuntur amore.
Hic caſus planxiſſe ſuos, moderarier æſtum
Calluit, immiti quem incenderat igne Cupido,
Fabelliſque mihi obrepentem avertere ſomnum,
Pinguia dum pecudes carpebant paſcua tutæ.

Nunc obiit, gelidoque inſutus corpora plumbo
Preſſit humum, (tanta ah rabies cur mortis in illum?)
Et cum vate ſuo periit divina canendi
Ars, cujus totum jam creſcit fama per orbem.
Quòd ſi in me flueret de tanto paucula fonte
Guttula, qui vatis divino ebulliit ore:
Illicò ego has ſylvas noſtras lugere docerem
Clades, atque iſtas lachrymis rorarier ulmos.

Tunc & crebra meæ feritate expreſſa puella,
Ingrata infauſti querimonia nuncia caſûs,
In gremium noſtræ, quocunque ſit illa ſub axe,
Confugeret Dominæ, peccati pectora morſu
Suffodiens: de me ſic ſcilicet illa meretur.
Tu quoque qui variis noſtræ (maleſide Menalca)
Oppugnas technis ventoſum pectus amicæ,
Expoſitus toti fieres mox fabula mundo.

Verùm cùm non ſum, qualem mea vota capeſſunt,
Vos, ô paſtores, mitiſſima turba, rogamus,
Quotquot ubique jugis pecudes, aut vallibus imis
Paſcitis, atrocis teſtes aſſiſtite facti:
Dicite vos dominæ; cujus flos, nobilis olim,
Mortiferum eſt (ſucco jam degenerante) venenum:

Cujus

That she the trueſt ſhepheards heart made bleed ;
That lives on earth, and loved her moſt dear.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy caſe,
Thy tears would make the hardeſt flint to flo.
Ah faithleſs *Roſalind*, and void of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gueſs, homeward to goe:
Then riſe ye bleſſed flocks, and home apace,
Leaſt night with ſtealing ſteps do you foreſloe,
And wet your tender Lambes that by you trace.

JULY.

Æglogue 7.

THOMALIN.

IS not thilke ſame Goteheard proude,
That ſits on yonder bank:
Whoſe ſtraying heard themſelfe doth ſhrowde
Emong the buſhes rank?

MORREL.

What ho, thou jolly ſhepheards ſwaine,
Come up the hill to me:
Better is then the lowly plaine,
Als for thy flock and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God ſhield man, that I ſhould clime,
And learn to look aloft:
This reade is riſe, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unſoft.
In humble dales is footing faſt,
The trode is not ſo tickle:
And though one fall through heedleſs haſte,

Yet

Cujus & inculpata fides nunc perfida culpa eſt;
Dicite, paſtoris fidiſſima ſauciat illa
Pectora, quæque illam ſitiunt, ſuper omnia chara.

MOPSUS.

Indignas, ô Alexi, tuas deploro ruinas;
Poſſe tuis lachrymis, duram tabeſcere credo
In guttas ſilicem. O infida, ingratáque Phyllis!
Impia tam diri radix fœcunda doloris.
Sed monet elapſum, nos hinc abſcedere tempus.
Surge igitur, repetáſque tuum feſtinus ovile
Fœlix grex; nè nox tacitis allapſa quadrigis
Anticipet lentum, lateríque hærentia matrum
Corpora natorum frigenti rore madeſcant.

JULIUS.

Ægloga ſeptima.

THYRSIS.

ANnon faſtoſus ſaxo qui ſeſſitat illo
Caprarum eſt cuſtos, cujus malè credita curæ
Delitet hamatis pecus errabunda rubetis?

MŒRIS.

Heus, heus, huc ad me, paſtor lepidiſſime montem
Aſcendas, potes hac mecum conſidere rupe.
Commodior valle eſt pecori, pecoríſque magiſtro.

THYRSIS.

Avertat Deus omen! ego jam ſcandere diſcam?
Spectabóque altum? Vulgi percrebuit ore,
Affliget gravior ſcandentes ardua caſus.

Imâ valle gradus ſtabilis, veſtigia raro
Inſida; impinget ſiquà properatio cæco
Inconſulta gradu; minùs, aut nihil indè periclî.

Yet is his miſs not mickle.
And now the Sun hath reared up,
His fiery-footed teme,
Making his way between the Cuppe,
And golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he faſt,
With dogges of noyſome breath,
Whoſe balefull barking brings in haſte,
Pine, plagues, and dreery death.
Againſt his cruel ſcorching heat,
Where thou haſt coverture:
The waſtfull hils unto his threat
Is a plain overture.
But if thee luſt to holden chat
With ſeely ſhepheards ſwain:
Come down and learn the little what
That *Thomalin* can ſaine.
MOR. Siker, thous but a laeſie loord,
And rekes much of thy ſwinke,
That with fond tearms and witleſs words
To blere mine eyes dooſt think.
In evil hour thou hentſt in hond
Thus holy hils to blame:
For ſacred unto Saints they ſtond,
And of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
That wardes the weſtern coaſt?
And of S: Bridgets Bowre I trowe,
All Kent can rightly boaſt:
And they that con of Muſes skill,
Fain moſtwhat, that they dwell,
(As Goteheards wont) upon a hill,
Beſide a learned well.
And wonned not the great God *Pan*,
Upon mount Olivet:
Feeding the bleſſed flock of *Dan*.
Which did himſelf beget.

Nunc etiam ignipides alto temone quadrigas
Evexit Titan, æquo discrimine sertum
Urget iter cratera means, intérque coronam:

Insequitúrque ferum cane tristè latrante Leonem;
Cujus pestifero ructatus anhelitus ore
Languores cier, & crebro cum funere pestem.

Contra torrentem flammati sydéris æstum
Quod munimen habes? En nuda sine arbore saxa
Phœbæo produnt ora indefensa furori.

Quòd si fortè tibi alternæ commercia vocis
Cum pastore placent, descende à vertice montis,
Et nôris, poterit quantillum dicere Thyrsis.

MŒRIS.

Hem pigrum clamant tua verba! Isthocne laboris
Sit tanti, diverticula ut tibi inania quæras;
Occæcésque oculos vanâ caligine nostros?

Abstineas probris, adverso tempore montes
Aggrederis culpare istos, pia cura bonorum
Stant sacri divis, & sumunt nomen ab illis.

Nam Michaëlæi quis nescit ardua montis,
Ingens qui occiduis munimen prominet oris?
Sic Brigidæ fœlix umbracula Cantia jactat.

Et nôrunt doctas qui ter tria nūmina musas,
Montanum dicunt has incoluisse cacumen,
Limpidulum juxta fontem, ut queis cura caprarum.

Nonne frequentavit glaucis juga consita olivis
Magnus Pan? pavitque gregem (grex ille beatus)
Israëliticum, propriâ quem morte redemit?

THOMALIN.

O bleſſed ſheep, O ſhepheard great,
That bought his flock ſo dear:
And then did ſave with bloudy ſweat,
From wolves that would them tear.

MORREL.

Beſide, as holy fathers ſaine,
There is a holy place;
Where *Titan* riſeth from the maine,
To ren his daily race.
Upon whoſe toppe the ſtarres beene ſtayed,
And all the skie doth leane.
There is the cave where *Phœbus* layed
The ſhepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there uſed ſhepheards all
To feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the reſt did ſpill.
And ſithence ſhepheards been foreſaid
From places of delight:
For thy, I ween thou bee afraide
To clime this hilles height.
Of Synahcan I tell thee more,
And of our Ladies bowre:
But little needs to ſtrow my ſtore,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Fannes* recourſe,
And *Sylvanes* haunten rathe,
Here has the ſalt Medway his ſourſe,
Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe:
The ſalt Medway that trickling ſtreams
Adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with the elder brother Themes,
His brackiſh waves be meynt.

Here

THYRSIS.

Felix tèrque quatèrque pecus, ter maxime pastor
Tam magno mercate gregem, sudore cruento
Infesti qui à fauce lupi tutatus ovile es.

MŒRIS.

Præterea (Sancti retulerunt hæc quóque patres)
Religione sacer locus est, quà Phœbus ab undis
Emicat, ut cursus peragat statà pensa diurni.

In cujus summo figuntur vertice stellæ,
Cúmque suis stellis innititur arduus æther:
Illîc & specus est in quo Latonia proles
Pastoris domuit longævo tempora somno.

Olim hîc pastores læti per gramina campi
Egerunt, pecudes donec deliquerat unus,
Delictóque locum reliquis occluserat illum.

Indè quòd Elysiis Pan nos excluserit agris
Religio est montem pede te calcare profano.

Possem etiam memorare hic Aspro confraga colle
Tesqua piæ Dominæ hic viridi juga consita lauro,
Avia dein Sinai: sed quid de divite promam
Plura penu, nobis cum mons sufficerit iste?

Hîc petulans crebrò ludit per prata recursu
Faunus, Sylvaníque leves, Nymphisque notatus
Medweagus leni perlabitur agmine campos;

Medweagus, qui Cantiacas crispantibus undis
Decurrit valles, dum major frater adoptet,
Excipiens salsas Thamesinis fluctibus undas.

Here grows Melampode every where,
And Teribinth good for Gotes:
The one my madding Kids to smere,
The next, to heal their throtes.
Hereto, the hills been nigher heaven,
And thence the passage ethe:
As well can prove the pearcing levin,
That seldome falls beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorel,
Of heaven to deemen so;
How be I am but rude and borrel,
Yet nearer wayes I know.
To Kirke the narre, from God more farre,
Has been an old said saw,
And he that strives to touch a starre,
Oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoone may shepheards clime to skie,
That leads in lowly dales
As Goteheards proud that sitting hie,
Upon the mountain sayles.
My seely sheep like well below,
They need not Melampode:
For they been hale enough, I trow,
And liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
They soon might be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
Or with the weeds be glutted.
The hils where dwelled holy Saints,
I reverence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the Saints,
Which han been dead of yore.
And now they been to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them go:
Their sample to us only lent,
That als we mought do so.

Shep-

Ecce Melampodium, capris en utilis agris;
His injussa jugis Terebinthus multa virescit;
Ad rabiem facit hæc, ad gutturis altera morbos.

Præterea mons hic cœlo vicinior ipsi
Eminet, hoc etenim (perrarò in valle reperti)
Monte cadunt crebrò rutilantes fulminis ignes.

THYRSIS.

Quid blatero mihi fabellas obtrudis aniles?
Ad cœlos has rere vias? Ego ruris alumnus
Ad superas breviora arces compendia novi.

Longiùs à superis sæpe est vicinior aris;
Hoc verbum vetus, & caput inseruisse laborans
Astris, offendit titubanti ad stramina gressu.

Tam citò stelliferos pastor conscenderit axes
Valle imâ ducens, quàm celso monte superbus
Caprarum custos, nitidis conterminus astris.

Nostra misella pecus gaudet convallibus imis;
Non herbis opus huic medicis, viget integra sano
Corpore, convallis pastu contenta salubri.

Quòd si cum capris communem scandere montem
Susciperet, subitâ correpta à tabe periret,
Aut fastidiret muscosi pabula saxi,
Aut attonderet virosi gramina succi.

Sacra ego sanctorum vita celebrata virorum
Suspicio juga, non tam quòd juga, sed quòd in illis
Sancti degerunt, omni ferrugine puri.

Nunc isti ad sedes nos præcessere beatas,
Cúmque illis probitas, & tantùm exempla supersunt,
Ad quæ nos nostros par est componere mores.

Flos

Shepherds they weren of the beſt,
And lived in lowly leas:
And ſith their ſouls be now at reſt,
Why done we them diſeaſe?
Such one he was (as I have heard)
Old *Algrind* often ſaine:
That whilome was the firſt ſhepheard,
And lived with little gaine:
And meek he was as meek mought bee,
Simple, as ſimple ſheep:
Humble, and like in each degree
The flock which he did keep.
Often he uſed of his ſheep,
A ſacrifice to bring,
Now with a Kid, now with a ſheep,
The Altars hallowing.
So louted he unto the Lord,
Such favour could he find,
That never ſithens was abhord
The ſimple ſhepheards kind.
And ſuch I weene the brethren were,
That came from Canaan:
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
The flocks of mighty *Pan*.
But nothing ſuch thilke ſhepheard was,
Whom Ida hill did bear:
That left his flock to fetch a Laſs,
Whoſe love he bought too dear:
For he was proud that ill was paid,
(No ſuch mought ſhepheards be)
And with lewd luſt was over-layd:
Tway things doen ill agree:
But ſhepheards mought be meek and mild,
Well eyed, as *Argus* was:
With fleſhly folli s undefil'd,
And ſtout as ſteed of braſs.

Sike

Flos hic pastorum, pastorum hic optimus ordo,
Contentus pavisse gregem per vallis opaca:
Cúmque quieverunt placidâ jam pace potiti,
Quorsum turbamus vano sermone quietem?

Talis, talis erat (meminit mihi Tityrus olim)
Pastorum primus, parvi mercede lucelli
Contentus, primùm qui custodivit ovile.

Mitis erat, si quisquam mitis, nescius omnis
Fraudis, at instar ovis, pecudique per omnia molli
Par, geminúsque, humilisque pecus, pecudisq; magister:

Plurima de plenis exivit victima septis,
Nunc ove, nunc teneris lactentis carnibus hœdi
Imbuit hic sanctas Pani gratissimus aras;

Quem sic assiduis cumulans altaria donis
Demeruit sacris, ex illo ut tempore numquam
Respuerit vilem tenuis pastoris acerram.

Nobilium talem fratrum reor esse cohortem,
Fratrum, bis seni Chananæ, qui ubere glebæ
Panis oves pavêre Israëlitide terrâ.

Nequaquam talis, Phrygia nutritus in Ida,
Pastor erat; qui liquit oves, petitisque puellam,
Illicitos cujus nimio licitatur amores.

Hic tumidus, (talem pastorem haud convenit esse)
Affluit at nemesis, rabidáque libidine captus,
Dignas neglecti pœnas expendit ovilis.
(Nostra etenim cunis mens est angusta duabus)

Pastor sit mitisque, humilisque, oculatior Argo,
Undíque prospiciens, nullâque libidine tactus,
Instar habens chalybis non expugnabile pectus. Ta-

Sike one (said *Algrind*) *Moſes* was,
That ſaw his Makers face.
His face more clear then chryſtal glaſs,
And ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I know)
The firſt of all his cote:
A ſhepheard true, yet not ſo true,
As he that erſt I hote.
Whilome all theſe were low, and leeſe,
And loved their flocks to feed,
They never ſtroven to be chief:
And ſimple was their weed.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
The world is well amend:
Their weeds bene not ſo nighly wore,
Such ſimpleſs mought them ſhend.
They been yelad in purple and pall,
So hath their God them blift:
They raigne and rulen over all,
And Lord it as they liſt:
Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
(Mought they good ſhepheards been)
Their *Pan* their ſheep to them has fold,
I ſay, as ſome have ſeen.
For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
Yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then
He ſaw thilk miſuſage.
For ſhepheards (ſaid he) there doen lead,
As Lords done otherwhere:
Their ſheep han cruſts, and they the bread,
The chips, and they the cheere.
They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,
(O ſilly ſheep the while)
The corn is theirs, let others threſh,
Their hands they may not file.

They

Talis erat Moſes, (retulit ſic Tityrus ante)
Numinis hic ſummi cernebat comminùs ora;
Cryſtallo longè magè lucida numinis ora;
Reddiderátque vices ſermonis comminùs aſtans.

Huic & frater erat, primus nempe ordinis hujus,
(Excidit at nomen) verus, paſtórque fidelis,
Verùm fratre ſuo minor hic natúque, fideque.

Iſti omnes humiles contenti ſimplice victu
Gaudebant grege paſcendo, nunquámque preeſſe
Ambibant, tritâ induti plerúmque lacernâ.

Sed nunc (munifico ſit debita gratia Pani)
Emicat in melius ruditas paſtoria; veſtis
Non tam trita illis, nam nunc foret illa reperi.

Purpureo latè jam fulgent murice (largus
Hæc Deus indulſit) rerum potiuntur habenis
Pro libitu, & cunctas dominantur ubíque per oras.

Fulgidus hos ambit rutilanti balteus auro,
(Det Deus eſſe probos paſtores) vendidit illis
Pan ſuus ipſe gregem, oculato à teſte renarro.

Námque Idmon nuper (ſiquid tibi cognitus Idmon)
Viſendi ſtudio ignotas provectus in oras
Advenit Romam (ſiquà tam fœra furoris
Urbs ſit) ubi vidit tales crebreſcere ritus.

Nempe pedum hîc, quantùm reliquis dominatur in oris
Sceptrum; námque miſella pecus præſegmina, panem
Pactor habet, grex relliquias, ſed ferculà paſtor.

Vellera paſtoris, paſtoris præmia carnes;
(O miſeræ interea pecudes) ſeret alter, & alter,
Hic metet, ad reliquos non eſt manus apta labores.

Copia

They han great ſtore, and thrifty flocks,
Great friends, and feeble foes:
What need hem caren for their flocks,
Their boyes can look to thoſe.
Theſe Wiſards welter in wealths waves,
Pampred in pleaſures deep:
They han fat kernes, and leany knaves,
Their faſting flocks to keep.
Sike miſter men been all miſgone,
They heapen hills of wrath:
Sike ſilie ſhepheards have we none,
They keepen all the path.

MORREL.

Heere is a great deal of good matter
Loſt for lack of telling:
Now ſiker I ſee thou doeſt but clatter:
Harm may come of melling:
Thou medleſt more then ſhall have thanke
To witen ſhepheards wealth:
When folk been fat, and riches rank,
It is a ſigne of health.
But ſay me, what is *Algrind*, he
That is ſo oft bynempt?

THOMALIN.

He is a Shepheard great in gree,
But hath been long ypent:
One day he ſate upon a hill,
(As now thou wouldeſt me;
But I am taught by *Algrinds* ill,
To love the low degree.)
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalpe,
An Eagle ſored hie,
That weening his whitehead was chalke,
A ſhell-fiſh down let flie.
She weend the ſhell-fiſh to have broke,
But therewith bruis'd his brain:

So

Copia plena illis, pecudes per paſcua latè,
Denſus amicorum cœtus, nec muſſitat hoſtis:
Quorſum hi proſpicerent gregibus? puer hoſce tuetur.

Fortunæ aureolis hi luxuriantur in undis,
Inque voluptatum pingui ſe gurgite opimant.
Upilio macer his, (ſed pinguis turba clientûm)
Impaſtas ſervans pecudes, vix paſtus & ipſe.

Iſti omnes recto deflectunt tramite greſſus,
Exacuúntque iram Panis; ſed limite juſſo
Decurrunt noſtri, nec faſtus pectora ſufflat.

MŒRIS.

Ut tua dicendi ſegetem facundia largam
Deſtituit! verùm quoniam ſic obſtrepis, audi;
Alterius rerum ſatagenti præſtò periclum:

Vicinis en ingratum malè ſedulus ultrò
Inſeris arbitrium, paſtoris proſpera damnans:
Pingueſcitne? Et rebus luxuriatur opimis
Plebs? ô fælicis ſigna indubitata ſalutis.

Verùm, Thyrſi, precor, mihi dic quis Tityrus ille,
Tityrus ille, tuo tam multus Tityrus ore?

THYRSIS.

Paſtores inter magni meritíque, locíque,
Jamdudum caſulâ abſtruſus; qui tempore quodam
Monti inſidebat (ſic me conſidere velles
Mœri jugis; tantâ doctum quem Tityre clade,
Hortaris tutæ ſemper ſe credere valli.)

Dúmque apricatur nudato vertice canus
Alto monte ſenex, ſummis Jovis ales oberrans
Nubibus, ecce putans canentia tempora cretam,
Dejecit duram ſublimi ex æthere concham,
Sperans ſe æquoreæ fracturam tegmina prædæ.

So now astonied with the stroke,
He lyes in lingring pain.

MORREL.

Ah good *Algrind*, his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time:
Now farewell shepheard, sith this hill,
Thou hast such doubt to clime.

AVGVST.

Æglogue 8.

WILLY.

TEll me *Perigot*, what shall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joynts benumb'd with ach?

PERIGOT.

Ay *Willy*, when the heart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe or Joynts be well apayde?

WILLY.

What the foule evill hath thee so bestad?
Whilom thou wast peregall to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepheards glad,
With piping and dauncing did passe the rest.

PERIGOT.

Ah, *Willy*, now I have learnd a new daunce:
My old musick marde by a new mischaunce.

WILLY.

Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath rast us of our merriment:

But

Illiſit cerebro ſenis, aſt hic verbere conchæ
Attonitus, ſenſim lento mœrore liqueſcit:

MŒRIS.

Ah miſerande ſenex, quàm dura es Tityre ſorte?
Quæ mox forſan erit melior: tu verò valeto,
Cùm tantùm dubitas montem hunc conſcendere, Paſtor

AUGUSTUS.

Ægloga octava.

DAPHNIS.

DIc mihi, Dic, Alcon, quod vis deponere pignus
Pro quo auſis veſtros calamis componere noſtris?
An tua laxatis diſſuta eſt fiſtula ceris?
Torpenti an digitos ſtupefecit frigore ſpaſmus?

ALCON.

Heu quando agreſcunt præcordia ſaucia, Daphni,
Quî, quæſo, digiti poterunt, vel canna valere?

DAPHNIS.

Quæ tua corda (malum!) peſtis nunc occupat Alcon?
Qui nuper ſummis æqualis honore canendi,
Paſtorúmque tuis mulcebas verſibus aures;
Et choreis, cannâque alios anteire ſolebas?

ALCON.

Ah, alias didici infœlix agitare choreas,
Et ſtupefacta novo obmuteſcit Muſica caſu.

DAPHNIS.

Dii perdant illum, te ſemper ſoſpite, caſum,
Quiſquis ſic miſeris invidit gaudia nobis:

Verùm

But rede me, what pain doth thee so apall?
Or loveſt thou, or been thy younglings miſwent?

PERIGOT.

Love hath miſled both my younglings and me:
I pine for pain, and they my plaint to ſee.

WILLY.

Perdie, and wele away: ill may they thrive:
Never knew I Lovers ſheep in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare ſtrive,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoon be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That ſhall I do, though mochell worſe I fared:
Never ſhall be ſaid that *Perigot* was dared.

WILLY.

Then loe *Perigot*, the pledge which I plight:
A Mazer ywrought of the Maple ware,
Wherein is enchaſed many a fair ſight
Of Beares and Tygers that maken fierce warre,
And over them ſpred a goodly wild Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Ivie twine.

Therby is a Lamb in the Wolves jawes;
But ſee how faſt renneth the ſhepheards ſwain,
To ſave the innocent from the beaſtly pawes:
And here with his ſheephook hath him ſlain.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou ever ſeen?
Well mought it beſeem any harveſt Queen.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lamb,
Of all my Flock there nis ſike another:
For I brought him up without the damb;
But *Colin Clout* raft me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the plain field,
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yeeld.

WILLY

Verùm age, pande, coquit tua qua præcordia cura?
Nunquid amas? fœtúſve tibi periêre tenelli?

ALCON.

Perdidit unus Amor pecudem, pecudiſque magiſtrum,
Curâ ego langueſco, tabeſcit & illa videndo.

DAPHNIS.

Diſpereat per Pana pecus, pecudíſque magiſter,
Fortunatum unquam quis novit amantis ovile?
Quòd ſi fortè libet mecum certare canendo,
Inſano has fatuas diſpellam pectore curas.

ALCON.

Hoc facerem, licèt & gravior mihi pectoris æſtus;
Alconem vivum nemo unquam impune laceſſit.

DAPHNIS.

En igitur tecum libeat quod ponere pignus,
Cantharus eſt, trunco ſcitè fabricatus acerno;
En inſculpta vides facili quám plurima cælo,
Pugnantéſque urſos, tygridéſque in tela ruentes:
Hos labruſca ſuper ſinuoſis flexibus errat
Laſcivis hederæ paſſim intertexta corymbis:

Juxta hæc ecce lupi mediis in faucibus agnus:
Sed viden' ut volucri raptim pede paſtor anhelus
Advolat, inſontem media ut de morte reducat?
Hic fera fixa pedo jacet, amittítque rapinam.
Dic mihi num talis viſus tibi cantharus unquam?
Hoc poterit ferri Galateæ, aut Phillidi donum.

ALCON.

Huic ego tam mirè maculoſum oppigneror agnum,
Illum ipſum, qualem in toto grege cernere non eſt,
Quem mox à partu ſurreptum à matre fovebam
In tectis, ſed fratre hujus jam gaudet Alexis.
Hunc mihi præripuit cantûs certamine victor;
Nam, licèt invitus, cogebar reddere pignus.

WILLY.

Siker make little account of his brother.
But who ſhall judge the wager wonne or loſt?

PERIGOT.

That ſhal yonder Heardgroome, and none other,
Wh ch over the pouſſe hitherward doth poſt.

WILLY.

But for the Sunne-beame ſo ſore doth us beate,
Were not better to ſhunne the parching heate?

PERIGOT.

Well agreed *Willy*: then ſit thee down ſwain:
Sike a ſong never heardeſt thou but *Colin* ſing.

CUDDY.

Ginne, when ye liſt, ye jolly ſhepheards twaine,
Sike a Judge as *Cuddy*, were for a King.

Per. IT fell upon a holy Eve,
Wil. Hey ho holyday:
Per When holy fathers wont to ſhrive:
Wil. Now ginneth this roundelay.
Per Sitting upon a hill ſo hie,
Wil. Heigh ho the high hill,
Per. The while my flock did feed thereby,
Wil. The while ſhepheards ſelfe did ſpill:
Per I ſaw the bouncing Bellybone:
Wil. Hey ho Bonibell.
Per. Tripping over the dale alone,
Wil. She can trip it very well.
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. Hey ho, gray is greet,
Per. And in a kirtle of greene ſay,
Wil. The green is for maydens meet.
Per. A chaplet on her head ſhe wore,
Wil. Hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of ſweet Violets therein was ſtore,
Wil. She ſweeter then the Violet.

Per.

DAPHNIS.

Nè dubites, eadem fortuna expectat utróſque;
Sed quis erit nobis certaminis arbiter hujus?

ALCON.

Ille erit upilio certaminis arbiter, ille,
Ad nos qui greſſu fertur per piſa citato.

DAPHNIS.

Sed cum Sol ſummus radiis ſic torret anhelos,
Annon præſtiterit rapidos vitare calores?

ALCON.

Convenit hoc igitur conſidas gramine, paſtor,
Nil tale audiſti, niſi qnod cantavit Alexis.

DAMON.

Cum libet, incipias lepidos, par nobile, cantus;
Ultrò certarent tali ſub indice reges.

Alcon. *EVenit caſu quondam mihi luce profeſtâ:*
Dap. *Io vix feſta profeſta.*
Alc. *Cùm ſancti vivo luſtrant ſe flumine patres,*
Dap. *Fauſto incipit omine carmen.*
Alc. *Sole ſub aprico celsâ dum rupe ſedebam,*
Dap. *Io nimis ardua rupes!*
Alc. *Dum pecus interea viridantia gramina carpit,*
Dap. *Pecudis perit ipſe magiſter.*
Alc. *Auricomam vidi vultu radiante puellam,*
Dap. *Io radioſa puella!*
Alc. *Sola tulit greſſus per vallis amœna citatos,*
Dap. *Bello ciet impete greſſus.*
Alc. *Canenti niveos artus circundata pallâ,*
Dap. *Io lachrymoſus amictus!*
Alc. *Sic viride obduxit canentia pallia peplum,*
Dap. *Caſtæ color ille puellæ.*
Alc. *Textilis huic formoſa umbraverat ora corolla,*
Dap. *Io gravis umbra corollæ!*
Alc. *Suavibus hæc violis pulchrè intertexta nitebat,*
Dap. *Violis ea ſuavior ipſis.*

Per. My ſheep did leave their wonted food,
Wil. Hey ho ſeelie ſheep,
Per. And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
Wil. Wood as he that did them keep:
Per. As the bonnilaſſe paſſed by,
Wil. Hey ho bonnilaſſe,
Per. She royde at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. As clear as the chryſtall glaſſe:
Per. All as the ſunny beame ſo bright,
Wil. Hey ho the ſunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. So love into thy heart did ſtreame:
Per. Or as the thunder cleaves the cloudes,
Wil. Hey ho the thunder,
Per. Wherein the lightſome levin ſhroudes,
Wil. So cleaves thy ſoule aſunder:
Per. Or as dame *Cynthya's* ſilver ray,
Wil. Hey ho, the Moone light,
Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play:
Wil. Such play is a pittious plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. Hey ho, the glider,
Per. Therewith my ſoule was ſharpely gride,
Wil. Such wounds ſoon wexen wider.
Per. Haſting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. Hey ho, *Perigot*,
Per. I left the head in my heart root:
Wil. It was a deſperate ſhot.
Per. That it ranckleth aye more and more,
Wil. Hey ho, the arrow?
Per. Ne can I find ſalve for my ſore:
Wil. Love is a careleſs ſorrow.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. Hey ho, heavy cheare,
Per. Yet ſhould thilke Laſſe not from my thought:
Wil. So you may buy gold too deare.

Per.

Alc. *En grex assuetum fastidiit illicò gramen,*
Dap. *Io grex ille miserus.*
Alc. *Atque instar rabidi vultus defigit in illa,*
Dap. *Rabidi instar nempe magistri.*
Alc. *Transiit ut pecudes virgo pulcherrima nostras,*
Dap. *Io pulcherrima virgo!*
Alc. *Obliquus quàm vafrè in me vibratur ocellus!*
Dap. *Crystallo purior ipso.*
Alc. *Scilicet ut radius rutila de lampade solis*
Dap. *Io Phœbeïus ignis!*
Alc. *Emicat, & recto jaculatus limite currit,*
Dap. *Sic vestrum in pectus amores.*
Alc. *Densáque ut tonitrua rumpit penetrabile nubes.*
Dap. *Io cave tela trisulca!*
Alc. *Queis involvuntur rutilantes fulminis ignes,*
Dap. *Sic, sic mens vestra fatiscit.*
Alc. *Ac veluti formosæ argentea lumina Phœbes,*
Dap. *Io Titanidos ignes!*
Alc. *Læta lacessitis ludens crispatur in undis,*
Dap. *Sed lusus amoris amarus.*
Alc. *Ille meum pectus fixit conjectus ocelli!*
Dap. *Io conjectus ocelli!*
Al. *Trajiciénsq; animam penetravit adúsq; medullas;*
Dap. *Latè hæc citò vulnera serpunt.*
Alc. *Eruere hinc properans imo de vulnere telum,*
Dap. *Io insanabilis Alcon!*
Alc. *Infixum penito ferrum sub corde reliqui;*
Dap. *Nimium penetrabile ferrum.*
Alc. *Sic magìs, & magìs intactos irrepit in artus;*
Dap. *Io virosa sagitta!*
Alc. *Nec morbus medicâ noster superandus ab arte.*
Dap. *Amor insuperabile monstrum.* (*curas,*
Alc. *Has quóque morte meâ quamvìs mox emero*
Dap. *In corda anxia curis!*
Alc. *Illa meo nunquam labetur pectore virgo,*
Dap. *Magnò sic emeris aurum.*

Alc.

Per. But whether in painfull love I pine,
Wil. Hey ho pinching paine,
Per. Or thrive in wealth, ſhe ſhall be mine,
Wil. But if thou can her obtain.
Per. And if for graceleſs griefe I die,
Wil. Hey ho graceleſs griefe:
Per. Witneſſe, ſhe ſlue me with her eye,
Wil. Let thy folly be the prieſe.
Per. And you that ſaw it, ſimple ſheep,
Wil. Hey ho the fair flock.
Per. For prieſe thereof, my death ſhall weep,
Wil. And mone with many a mock.
Per. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
Wil. Hey ho holy day.
Per. That ever ſince my heart did grieve.
Wil. Now endeth our roundelay.

CUDDY.

Siker, ſike a roundle never heard I none,
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the beſt,
And *Willy* is not greatly over-gone,
So weren his under-ſongs well addreſt.

WILLY.

Heardgroome, I feare me, thou have a ſquint eye,
Areede uprightly, who has the victory?

CVDDY.

Faith of my ſoule, I deeme each have gained.
For thy, let the Lambe be *Willy* his owne:
And for *Perigot* ſo well hath him pained,
To him be the wrought Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

Perigot is well pleaſed with the doome,
Ne can *Willy* wite the witeleſs heardgroome.

WILLY.

Never dempt more right of beauty, I weene,
The ſhepheard of *Ida*, that judg'd beauties Queen.

CVDDY.

Alc. *Sive doloriſero tabeſcam exeſus amore,*
Dap. *Io malè morbus acutus !*
Alc. *Diteſcámve, iſthæc mea tempus in omne futura*
Dap. *Sed ſi tamen annuat illa.* (*eſt.*
Alc. *Quòd ſi me ſtygiis mittat dolor improbus undis,*
Dap. *Io dolor improbus ille !*
Alc. *Teſtere occiſum radiis illius ocelli ;*
Dap. *Rabies tua ſit tibi teſtis.*
Alc. *Quæque hos ſpectâſti fraudis pecus inſcia caſus,*
Dap. *Io pecus inſcia fraudis !*
Alc. *Ut teſtis facti domini non funera plangas,*
Dap. *Crebro exagitanda cachinno.*
Alc. *Sic, ſic illaqueatus amore ego luce profeſtâ,*
Dap. *Io vix fauſta profeſta !*
Alc. *Semper adhuc rabidis gero pectora ſaucia curis.*
Dap. *Modulos ſic termino noſtros.*

DAMON.

Tale meas nunquam pervenit carmen ad aures;
Pauxillum à ſummis noſter prævertitur Alcon.
Nec Daphnis multum concedit honore canendi;
Tam lepidè ſocias inter modulatur avenas !

DAPHNIS.

Ah ! vereor nè ſis diſtorti lumine judex,
Hem cedò indicium, maneat quem palma canendi ?

DAMON.

Ambo pares, ambo ſummi, pol vincitis ambo.
Qui pecus Alconis fuerat, ſit Daphnidis, agnus;
Quódque modò tales modulos contexuit Alcon,
Cantharus Alconi cedat qui Daphnidis antè.

ALCON.

Alconi arridet ſententia judicis æqua,
Nec potis eſt illam meritò reprehendere Daphnis.

DAPHNIS.

Non magìs æqua Phrygis ſententia judicis olim,
Inter formoſas dederat quum Cypridi palmam.

DAMON.

CVDDY.

But tell me ſhepheards, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roundels freſh, to heare a dolefull verſe
Of *Roſalind* (who knows not *Roſalind*?)
That *Colin* made? ylke can I you rehearſe.

PERIGOT.

Now ſay it *Cuddy*, as thou art a ladde:
With merry things its good to meddle ſad:

WILLY.

Faith of my ſoule, thou ſhalt ycrowned be,
In *Colins* ſteed, if thou this ſong areed:
For never thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me,
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.

CUDDY.

Then liſten each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull as yee may.

YE waſtfull woods beare witneſs of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound,
Yee careleſs birds are privy to my cryes,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleaſant ſpring haſt lulde me oft aſleepe,
Whoſe ſtreams my trickling tears did oft aug-
Reſort of people doth my griefs augment. (ment.
The walled Towns do work my greater woe:
The forreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull cryes:
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my love did part,
Whoſe wailefull wants debars mine eyes of ſleep.
Let ſtreams of tears ſupply the place of ſleep: (ment
Let all that ſweet is, voyd: and all that may aug-
My dole, draw near. More meet to wail my woe,
Beene the wild woods, my ſorrows to reſound,
Then bed nor bowre, both which I fill with cryes.
When I them ſee ſo waſte, and find no part

Of

DAMON.

Dicite paſtores, teretes non raderet aures,
Poſt molles numeros lugubre & flebile carmen,
Phyllida quod queritur (cui non ſat cognita Phyllis?)
Nobile Alexis opus, memori quod pectore promam?

ALCON.

Dic igitur, Damon, ſic ſemper læta juventus
Sit tibi, triſte aliquid juvat intertexere lætis.

DAPHNIS.

Herclê ſi nobis carmen recitaveris illud,
Mox lauro cingêre, vicémque ſubibis Alexis.
Nil etenim noſtras ſic unquam mulſerit aures,
Quàm modulûm artificis vox viva, aut carmen

DAMON. (*Alexis.*

Cedat utérque igitur patulas lugubribus aures
Planctibus, & noſtris calamos attemperet odis.

O Vaſtæ, ô noſtro planctu lugubre ſonoræ
Sylvæ, vos noſtræ teſtes eſtote ruinæ.
Tu volucrum ſecura cohors es conſcia noſtri
Clamoris, toties querulæ admodulata cicutæ:
Limpide fons lachrymis à me ſtillantibus aucte,
Somnifero vigiles domuiſti murmure curas:
Accendit rabidos mihi conflua turba dolores,
Ferveſcúntque magìs populoſis urbibus æſtus;
Planctibus & noctris magìs eſt accommoda ſylva,
Sylva repercuſſas docilis geminare querelas.
Horreo tectum ipſum, poſtquam hinc mea vita receſſit;
A cujus diſceſſu oculis ſopor exulat iſte,
Inque locum pulſi ſuccedit lachryma ſomni.
Omnia amœna procul ſint, quodque augere dolores
Inſanos valet, accedat; magìs hoſpita grata
Sylva reſultantes reboet quæ conſona planctus,
Quàm lectus, quámque umbra domus: hæc irrigo fletu

Cùm

Of pleaſure paſt. Here will I dwell apart
In gaſtfull groves therefore, till my laſt ſleep
Do cloſe mine eyes; ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as change my reſtleſs woe.
Help me yee baneſull birds, whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Is ſigne of dreary death, my deadly cries
Moſt ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You heare all night, when nature craveth ſleep,
Increaſe, ſo let your irkeſome yelles augment.
Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe
I vowed have to waſte, till ſafe and ſound
She home return, whoſe voyces ſilver ſound
To cheerfull ſongs can change my cheerleſs cries.
Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleep
In ſongs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his miſdeed, that bred her woe.
And you that feele no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cries ye hear apart,
Let break your ſounder ſleep, and pitty augment.

PERIGOT.

O *Colin, Colin*, the ſhepheards joy,
How I admire each turning of thy verſe:
And *Cuddy*, freſh *Cuddy*, the liefeſt boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didſt reherſe!

CUDDY.

Then blow your pipes ſhepheards, till you be at (home:
The night higheth faſt, its time to be gone.

SEP-

Cùm nuda intueor, penitúſque prioribus orba
Deliciis; ergo hac habitabo ſede remotus,
Ferali luco abſtruſus, dum claudat ocellos
Summa quies feſſos; ſic non angebo meorum
Aſpectu infelix carituros ſine dolores.
Infauſtæ volucres, quarum vox ſtridula cantus
Feralis mortis funeſtum creditur omen,
Ter lugubre præite mihi melos, utque querelæ
(Quas minimam luctûs nequeuntes promere partem
Pernoctes auditis in ipſo tempore ſomni)
Creſcunt, inviſos ſic ingeminate ululatus.
Sic lentos mœrore dies, noctéſque querelis
Stat laſſare meis, dum ſalva, illæſáque nobis
Illa domum redeat, cujus vox aurea latis
Mutabit modulis hoc illætabile carmen.
Hinc noſtra alterno certabit fiſtula flatu
Carminibus Philomela tuis; tu fauſta volucrum
Somniferas querulis quæ impendis cantibus horas,
Tereos ut memorem celebrentur fata per orbem.
Vóſque mali immunes iſtius, quando ſeorſim
Noſtros auditis clamores noctis in umbrâ,
Altus rumpatur ſopor, & miſereſcite noſtri.

ALCON.

Doctiſone ô meritò paſtorum gaudia Alexi,
Concinnam ut veſtro ſtructuram in carmine miror!
Túque puer pueris præ cunctis uiuide Damon,
Lugubri ut triſtes animâſti voce querelas!

DAMON.

Quin igitur calamis reditum celebrare canoris,
Humida nox properat, monet hinc nos hora reverti.

SEP-

SEPTEMBER.

Æglogue 9.

HOBBINOL.

DIggon Davie, I bid her God day:
Or *Diggon* her is, or I miſſay.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was day light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight,
For day that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at laſt the dark night doth haſte.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon, areede who has thee ſo dight?
Never I wiſt thee in ſo poor a plight.
Where is the faire flock, thou waſt wont to lead?
Or bin they chaffred? or at miſchief dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for love of that, is to thee moſt leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gal not my old grief,
Sike queſtion rippeth up cauſe of new woe:
For one opened, mote unfold many moe.

HOBBINOL.

Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrowded in hart,
I know, to keep is a burthenous ſmart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to bear:
When the rain is fallen, the clouds wex clear.
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head laſt,
Twice three Moons bin fully ſpent and paſt,
Since when thou haſt meaſured much ground,
And wandred weele about the world round,

So

SEPTEMBER.

Ægloga nona.

MOPSUS.

EVge laboriferum jubeo ſalvere Lycormam.
An ludunt oculi me, an verus es ipſe Lycormas?

LYCORMAS.

Ipſe fui, dum noſtra dies illuxit ab alto,
Heu brevis illa! at nunc infeliciſſimus erro;
Námque improviſo miſero lux occidit omnis,
Inque ſimul greſſu nox ingruit atra citato:

MOPSUS.

Dic mihi, dic quis te ſtatuit caſúſve, deúſve
Tam miſerum? nunquam extrema ſic ſortis egenum
Te memini, quo grex te olim ductore ſuperbus.
Abſorptúſne lue? an paſſim venalis abivit?

LYCORMAS.

Per quicquid ſummè charum, per quicquid amicum
Obductum nè, Mopſe precor, refricaveris ulcus.
Námque hæc ſcitando rupta eſt recutita cicatrix,
Explicat & ſeriem clades hæc prodita longam.

MOPSUS.

Sed ſuppuratum tabentis pectoris ulcus
Æſtuat, & cæcâ carpit præcordia flammâ.
Sarcina ſit levior ſociâ cervice recepta,
Luridáque egeſto clareſcunt nubila rore.
Nunc etiam ter tres Phœbe recrevit in orbes,
Ex quo veſtra meis facies occurrit ocellis;
Dum multum terræ permenſus mobilis hoſpes
Penè peragrâſti totum circumvagus orbem,

So as thou can many things relate:
But tell me first of thy Flocks estate.

DIGGON.

My sheep bin wasted, (wo is me therefore)
The jolly Shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor jolly, nor Shepheard more.
In forreigne coasts, men said, was plenty,
And so there is, but all of misery.
I dempt there much to have eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
In the Countries where I have been,
No being for those that truly mean;
But as for such as of guile maken gaine,
No such countrey as there to remain.
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a market of their good name,
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baits to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheep forth of the cote,
Or they wil carven the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swain youcannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:
They looken big, as Buls that been bate,
And beaten the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As Cock on his dunghill crowing crank.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stank,
That unneth may I stand any more.
And now the Western wind bloweth sore,
That is in his chiefe soveraigntee,
Beating the withered leaf from the tree.
Sit we down here under the hill,
Tho may we talk, and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the blustring blast:
Now say on *Diggon*, what ever thou hast.

Ut jam de variis sermones texere rebus
Possis: at pecudum fortunam pande tuarum.

LYCORMAS.

Disperiit pecus, ah miserabilis indè Lycormas,
Quique gregis latus modò dicerer esse magister,
Non latus, pecoris non ampliùs ipse magister:
Externis oris plenissima copia vulgo
Creditur esse: liquet; plenissima copia cladum.
Sperabam tenuis mihi summam augere peculî,
Auctio at hæc auxit furiato in corde dolores.
His oris, quas nuper ego peregrinus adivi,
Simplicibus non est & apertis commoda sedes.
At siqui occultâ cautent opulescere fraude,
Nulla patet totum felicior ora per orbem.
Prostituunt venalem (ô tempora dira) puderem,
Vilis fama probi parvo mercabilis ære.
Et latrocinia hîc exercet mutua pastor,
Clam satagens cæcas vicino nectere fraudes.
Aut emet è sociis pastor magalibus agnos,
Aut jugulum incauti stricto mucrone resolvet.
Nec tu pastorem poteris dignoscere Plebi
Immistum, nisi quòd sit paulo elatior illis;
Utq boves latratu agitati, torva tuetur,
Et rigidâ semper cervice incedere gaudet,
Ut gallus gressu terram libante supinus.

MOPSUS.

En ego sic rigeo, sic torpeo, fide Lycorma,
Ut glacie stupidis vix possum insistere plantis.
Tam rigidum Australi Corus bacchatur ab axe,
Per tempus sibi concessâ dominatus in æthrâ,
Flaccida dum folia exuccu deverberat ulmis.
Quin age, dumoso abstrusi sub colle sedemus,
Fallere lentigradas variis sermonibus horas
Possumus hîc, ventiq minas ridere furentis.
Age, siquid habes, auscultofare Lycorma.

DIGGON.

Hobbin, ah *Hobbin*, I curſe the ſtound,
That ever I caſt to have lorne this ground.
Wele-away, the while I was ſo fond,
To leave the good, that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth:
So loſt the dog the fleſh in his mouth.
My ſeely ſheep (ah ſeely ſheep)
That hereby there I whilome vs'd to keep,
All were they luſty, as thou diddeſt ſee,
Been all ſtarved with pine and penury:
Hardly my ſelf eſcaped thilke paine,
Driven for need to come home againe.

HOBBINOL.

Ah ſon, now by thy loſs art taught,
That ſeldom change the better brought.
Content who lives vvith tryed ſtate,
Need fear no change of frovvning fate:
But vvho will ſeeke for unknown gain,
Oft lives by loſs, and leaves with pain.

DIGGON.

I wote ne *Hobbin* how I was bewitcht,
With vain deſire, and hope to be enricht.
But ſiker ſo it is, as the bright ſtarre
Seemeth a greater, when it is farre:
I thought the ſoile would have made me rich;
But now I wote it is nothing ſich.
For either the ſhepheards been idle and ſtill;
And led of their ſheep what way they will:
Or they been falſe and full of covetiſe;
And caſten to compaſs many wrong Empriſe.
But more been fraught with fraud and ſpight;
Ne in good nor goodneſs taken delight:
But kindle coales of contecke and ire,
Wherewith they ſet all the world on fire:

Which

LYCORMAS.

Ebeu! Mopse illum diris atrocibus horam
Devoveo, statui quâ primùm hos linquere colles.
Ebeu! quæ mentem implicuit vecordia nostram
Pressâ clausa manu, qui commoda certa reliqui
Ignoti demens lucri spe pastus inani?
Sic canis amisit carnem, captaret ut umbram.
Nostra misella pecus, pecus (ebeu) nostra misella,
Quam juxta hâc illâcque modò pavisse solebam,
Læta licèt nuper (nôsti satìs ipse) vigebat,
Deficiente cibo jam concidit omnis ad unam.
Vix & ego reliquus tantâ de clade supersum,
Summâ paupertate retrò dare vela coactus.

MOPSUS.

Ah demens propriis nunc tandem edocte periclis,
Quàm fert rarò ullum sortis mutatio lucrum!
Contentus quicúnque statu vixisse probato
Non rerum timet ille vices, sortémve minantem:
Quisquis at ignotum gestit captare lucellum,
Jacturis conflictatur, victúsque fatiscit.

LYCORMAS.

Quæ me intemperies, quæve exagitavit Erynnis,
Cùm spe præsumpsi lucrum, votóque caduco?
Sic, sic evenit: stellæ sic aurea lampas
Apparet, quanto fuerit magè dissita, major.
Illâ sperabam subitò ditescere terrâ,
Sed nil (dura nimis docet experientia) tale est:
Est etenim pastor socors, nimiúmque supinus,
Et pecoris ductum sequitur quocúnque vocârit;
Vel vafer, insano vel amore incensus habendi,
Illicit ásque imo molitur pectore frandes,
Omnigenis fœtúsque dolis, odiique veneno
Turgescens nunquam generoso gaudet honesto:
Sed litísque, iræque faces malè sedulus usquam
Ventilat, & per totum incendia concitat orbem;

Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They ſay they con to heaven the high way:
But by my ſoule I dare underſay,
They never ſet foot in that ſame trode;
But balke the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the Devill at commaund?
But ask them, therefore what they have paund.
Marry that great *Pan* bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the black hower of ſorrow.
But they han ſold thilke ſame long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.
But let them gang alone a Gods name;
As they han brewed, ſo let them bear blame.

HOBBINOL.

Diggon, I pray thee ſpeak not ſo dirke,
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then plainly to ſpeake of Shepheards moſt what:
Bad is the beſt (this Engliſh is flat)
Their ill haviour garres men miſſay,
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.
They ſay the world is much warre then it woont,
All for her ſhepheards is beaſtly and bloont.
Others ſaine, but how truly I note,
All for they holden ſhame of their cote.
Some ſticke not to ſay (hote cole on her tongue)
That ſike miſchiefe graſeth hem emong:
All for they caſten too much of worlds care,
To decke her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
For ſuch encheaſon: if you goe nie,
Few chemneyes reekon you ſhall eſpie:
The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the ſtall,
Is now faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their ſteads,
Ylike as a monſter of many heads.

But

Quæ rursus quando restinguere nititur (orsi
Vanus) circumfert fatuè lustralibus undis.
Quódque etiam ad superos nôrit compendia cœlos
Ventosus jactat, (tamen attestarier ausim,
Hunc nunquam fixisse illo vestigia clivo,
Ast errabundum ferri per trita viarum)
Imperióque suo quod subdita Tartara parent
Jactat, sed quidnam (scitêre) oppignerat illis?
Scilicet, id quod Tan tanto sudore paravit,
Liberet ut rabidis immitis faucibus Orci,
Pastorum malesida cohors hoc vendidit ipsum
Iampridem, quæritque aliis commercia culpæ
Jungere, sed sinite ut nulli comitabilis erret,
Et quæ miscuerit feralia pocula siccet.

MOPSUS.

Nè, quæso, nè tam tenebrosa loquare Lycorma;
Abstrusa involvis nimiâ caligine dicta.

LYCORMAS.

Ergo, sublato ut dicam quod sentio velo,
Illîc quisque malus pastor, vel qui optimus audit;
Nam quòd se malè quisque gerit sat præbuit ansæ
Plerísque, infamem ut vitam monitúsque reprendant;
Exclamant omnes in pejus serpere cuncta,
Pastore in pecudem jam degenerante supinam;
Affirmant alii, sed non hoc assero verum,
Quod cœpit puduisse pedi, tritæque lacernæ.
Hic dixisse audet (pereat radicitùs illa
Lingua precor) mala pastores grassarier inter,
Quòd nimium vili torquent sua pectora curâ,
Cultior ut sit sponsa æquo, locupletior hæres.
Hinc est ut raros (si fortè accesseris illuc)
Spirantes videas fumo exiliente caminos;
Bósque saginatus stabulo requiescere suetus
Æternùm fixus loculo stabulatur herili.
Garrit sic de illis inter se futile vulgus,
Futile tercentum capitum fera bellua vulgus.

But they that ſhooten neereſt the prick,
Saine, other the fat from their birds do lick.
For bigge buls of *Baſan* brace hem about;
That with their hornes butten the more ſtout:
But the lean ſoules treaden under foot:
And to ſeek redreſs mought little boote:
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to reſtore.
For they been like foule wagmoires overgraſt,
That if any galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to winde it out thou doeſt ſwinke,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper ſinke.
Yet better leave off with a little loſs,
Then by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſſe.

HOBBINOL.

Now *Diggon*, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt too plain:
Better it were a little to faine;
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured.
Such ill as is forced, mought needs be endured.
But of ſike Paſtors how done the flocks creep?

DIGGON.

Sike as the ſhepheards, ſike been her ſheepe,
For they nill liſten to the ſhepheards voyce:
But if he call hem, at their good choyce.
They wander at will, and ſtay at pleaſure,
And to their folds yeade at their own leaſure.
But they had bee better come at their call,
For many han unto miſchiefe fall,
And been of ravenous Wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOL.

Fie on thee *Diggon*, and all thy foule leaſing,
Well is knowne that ſince the Saxon King,
Never was Woolfe ſeene, many nor ſome;
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chriſtendome:

But

Inque ſcopum meliùs qui collimaverat hujus
Eripuiſſe bolos alium de faucibus, inquit;
Nàmque ſaginato circumſtant agmine tauri
Immanes, cornùque petunt graviore potentes,
Et pedibus preſſos ingenti mole minores
Elidunt, fruſtráque mali medicina petetur;
Nempe magìs promptis plus extorquere querenti
Quàm quicquam rapte rurſus dimittere prædæ.
Stagnat limicolâ ut cœnoſa voragoſub ulvâ,
Cujus fortè luto ſi illiſus calceus hæret
Implicitus, quanto magìs explicuiſſe laboras,
Tanto preſſa magìs ſorbet veſtigia gurges.
Ergo cum parvo ſatius deſiſtere damno,
Quàm nimis obnixè luctando perdere totum.

MOPSUS.

Perſpicuè nimiùm, nimiùm reprehendis apertè;
Dextrè diſſimulaſſe reor conſultius, arte
Obvolviſſe malum, quod non medicabile ab arte.
Æquâ mente feras, quicquid te ferre neceſſe eſt.
At ſôdes, ut habet talis ſe cura magiſtri?

LYCORMAS.

Qualis ei paſtor, totus grex talis ad unguem;
Paſtoris vocem docili non percipit aure;
Cùm ſibi collibitum non ſit, ſi fortè vocârit,
Liber ad arbitrium manet hîc, hîc liber oberrat,
Pro libitúque ſuo repetit ſecurus ovile.
At ſibi conſuleret meliùs, ſi ad juſſa magiſtræ
Vocis ſe regeret; nunc ſumma pericula præceps
Incurrit, rabiémque lupi, paſtoris amicas
Quòd voces ſurda præfractus reſpuit aure.

MOPSUS.

Ocyùs hinc tecum & mendacia vana faceſſant;
Poſt ſceptrum Edgari, ſat fama innotuit orbi,
Nullum ululâſſe lupum, quà dives Cantia vernat,
Nec quà Chriſticolûm floret gens læta piorum.

But the fewer Wolves (the ſooth to ſaine)
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more ſecret wiſe,
And with ſheeps clothing doen hem diſguiſe.
They talke not widely as they were woont;
For feare of raungers and the great hoont;
But privily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOL.

Or privie or pert, if any bin,
We have great Bandogs will tear their skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur,
But not good Dogs hem needeth to chaſe,
But heedy ſhepheards to diſcerne their face:
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been ſo grave, and full of maintenance.
But ſhall I tell thee what my ſelf know,
Chaunced to *Roffin* not long ygoe.

HOBBINOL.

Say it out *Diggon*, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
Hee is ſo meeke, wiſe, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is convenable.
Collin Clout I weene be his ſelfe boy,
(Ah for *Colin*, he whilome my joy)
Shepheards ſich God mought us many ſend,
That doen ſo carefully their Flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke ſame Shepheard mought I well marke;
He has a Dog to bite or to barke;
Never had ſhepheard ſo keene a Cur,
But waketh, and if but a leaf ſtur.

Whi-

Sed (verum ut dictum) noſtris quo rarior oris
Vis rabioſa lupi, vulpina frequentior eſt fraus.

LYCORMAS.

Eſtque etiam lupus his, quamvis ſit tectior, oris,
Velleréque agnino paſſim tunicatus oberrat.
Non jam luce palam, ſic mos increbuit olim;
Graſſatur metuenda illi venatica turba:
Sed clandeſtino nocturnus obambulat ægros
Greſſu, nè luci fallax perſona noteſcat.

MOPSUS.

Quòd ſi larvatus, nudúſque apparèat uſquam,
Sunt nobis acres lanient qui terga moloſſi.

LYCORMAS.

Pœmenis ille tuus canis eſt animoſus, & audax,
Latáque qui foderet villoſo vulnera tergo.
Sed non tantum opus eſt raucum latrante moloſſo,
Quàm cauto paſtore, ut dignoſcatur ab illo,
Mentito nam tuta latet fallacia vultu;
Vultu inquam torvâ ſic majeſtate verendo.
Sed me víſne tibi (fatti ſum conſcius ipſe)
Diſſerere, evenit noſtro quid nuper Tolæ.

MOPSUS.

Pergas, nè dubites, quodcunque ſit, ede Lycorma,
Nil in eum ſorti credo licuiſſe ſiniſtræ,
Sic ſapiens eſt ſic mitis, ſic uſque benignus,
Largaque veridicæ conſpirat dextera linguæ.
Ejus & upilio fertur facundus Alexis,
(Deliciæ ah dudum noſtræ facundus Alexis)
Complures pecorum dederit Pan (oro) magiſtros,
Qui tali vigiles tueantur ovilia curâ.

LYCORMAS.

Huic fidus canis eſt (aures adverte, docebo)
Ille lupis morſu metuendus, & ille latratu,
Tam vigilax cuſtos nulli è paſtoribus uſquam.
Nam vibrata levi ſi frons tremat obvia vento,

Excuſſus

Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lamb had glutted his gulfe,
And ever at night wont to repayre
Unto the Flock, when the welkin ſhone faire,
Yclad in clothing of ſeely ſheep,
When the good old man uſed to ſleep.
Tho at midnight he would bark and ball,
(For he had eft learnd a curres call)
As if a Wolfe were among the ſheep,
With that the Shepheard would break his ſleep,
And ſend out Lowder (for ſo his dogge hote)
To raunge the fields with open throat.
Tho when as Lowder was farre away,
This Wolviſh ſheep would catchen his prey.
A Lamb or a Kidde, or a weanell waſt:
With that to the wood would he ſpeed him faſt.
Long time he uſed this ſlippery pranke,
Ere *Roffy* could for his labour him thank.
At end the Shepheard his practiſe ſpyed,
(For *Roffy* is wiſe, and as *Argus* eyed)
And when at evening he came to the flock,
Faſt in their folds he did them lock:
And took out the Wolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the ſheeps blood at his throat.

HOBBINOL.

Marry *Diggon*, what ſhould him affray,
To take his own where ever it lay?
For had his weaſand been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and ſhidder.

DIGGON.

Miſchiefe light on him, and Gods great curſe,
Too good for him had been a great deale wurſe.
For it was a perillous beaſt above all,
And eke had he cond the Shepheards call:

And

Excuſſus ſtrepitum leviſomnus janitor audit.
Crudivorus nuper lupus huc accedere ſuetus,
Ingluviem multo tumidam ſaturaverat agno:
Hic caulas primo ſub limine noctis adibat,
Occiduo dubium dum fulget lumine cœlum,
Exuvias indutus ovis, velamine falſo
Tectus, dum ſenior modico dat lumina ſomno.
Tunc importunus multâ ſub nocte latraret
(Námque uſu nôrat vocem ſimulare caninam)
Támque ſollicitum lupus oppugnaret ovile:
Hinc experrectus, (ſomnum rumpente latratu)
Hylæum emittit (ſic nempe vocatur) Iolas,
Rauco vicinos ut gutture perſonet agros,
At cum Hylæus erat longo provectus in agros.
Excurſu, prædam fera diſſimulata petebat,
Agnum, molliculúmve hœdum, vitulúmve tenellum;
Arreptáque citò repetit nemora avia greſſu.
Sæpius hac paſtorem eluſerat arte frementem,
Nec retuliſſe vices eluſus nôrat Iolas.
Tandem fallaces paulò vigilantior artes
Deprêndit (námque eſt oculatus ut Argus, Iolas)
Cúmque intra tutum pecudes cogebat ovile
Sedulus oppoſito firmat magalia veſte,
Inventúmque lupum falſo velamine aſtrictum
Educit, miſſóque fera per guttura ferro
Hauſtum emittebat propris gregis inde vrvorem:

MORSUS.

Ecquis enim terror prohiberet, quò minùs ultrò
Res proprias ubicúnque ſient ſibi vindice dextrâ
Aſſerat? huic etenim ſi paulò latior eſſet
Rictus, jamdudum totum exhauſiſſet ovile.

LYCORMAS.

Viſcera corvus edax, dirus trahat ilia vultur,
Nec meritum æquâſſet ſors, ſi graviora dediſſet:
Nempe hæc cunctarum teterrima ſola ferarum;
Nam paſtoralis (fraus dira!) imitamina vocis

Abſonus

And oft in the night came to the sheepcote,
And called Lowder with a hollow throte,
As if the old mans self had been.
The dogge his maisters voyce did it ween:
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught,
And had not *Roffy* renne to the steven,
Lowder had been slain thilke same even.

HOBBINOL.

God shield man, he should so ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoire belive.
If sike been Wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, *Diggon*, hem behold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?
For they with shepheards fittes not play:
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From suddaine force their flockes for to gard.

HOBBINOL.

Ah *Diggon*, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and wayte.
We beene of flesh, men as other be;
Why should we be bound to such miserie?
Whatever thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needs decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but *Hobbinol*, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhayle,
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My pitious plight, and losse to amend?
Ah good *Hobbinol*, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counsell in my decay.

HOB-

Absonus edidicit, tum crebro nocte silenti
Accedens caulas tam nauceſcente volubat
Voce canem, vocem ut jurares eſſe ſenilem;
Hylæúsque etiam juſſum credebat herile
Sed dubitabundus tamen oſtia cardine mouit,
Exiliénſque foras ſolito pro more ruebat.
Vt primum exierat, nil ſuſpicionis habentis
Villoſo dentes in tergore bellua fixit;
Et ſi non motus ſtrepitu accurriſſet Iolus,
Hylæo vitæ nox hæc ſuprema fuiſſet.

MOPSVS.

Ah vetet, oro, Deus res ſic malè cedere cuiquam,
Sedulus officium qui, ſed malè cautus, obivit.
Sed ſi tanta lupi vis, ſi vertutia tanta,
Quomodo ab his tutum præſtemus ovile, Lycorma?

LYCORMAS.

Cauta, ſagax, ſolers vigilantia noſtra latentes
Diſcingat ratione dolos, prevertat & artes:
Paſtorem vano ſua prodigere otia luſu
Non decet, aut ſomno (mos ut pleríſque) diurno.
Invigilet pernox, & perdius excubet úſque,
Improviſa ſuis nequà vis ingruat agnis.

MOPSUS.

Ah rigida eſt nimium lex hæc, nimiúmque ſevera,
Totos (quam longi ſunt) evigilare Decembres:
Carnea maſſa ſumus, quæ cæteri turba treati;
Cur tali nobis vivendum ſorte miſellis
Laxari alterna vicibus quodcúnque quietis
Non ſolet, in primo marceſcat flore neceſſe eſt.

LYCORMAS.

Ah mi Mopſe, nihil tam longi fabula fili
Attenuat curam, qua jàm mea pectora rodit.
Quid faciam? miſer inſiſtam quo tramite tandem?
Quo reparem mea damna modo, rurſúſque reſurgam?
Ah bone Mopſe, licet precibus contendere tecum,
Sive ope, conſilióve meam fulcire ruinam?

MOPSUS.

HOBBINOL.

Now by my ſoule *Diggon*, I lament:
The hapleſs miſchief that has thee hent.
Netheleſs thou ſeeſt my lowly ſayle,
That froward fortune doth ever avayle.
But were *Hobbinol* as God mought pleaſe,
Diggon ſhould ſoon find favour and eaſe.
But if to my cottage thou wilt reſort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort.
There mayeſt thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer fortune ſhew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah *Hobbinol*, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on few ſuch friends did ever lite.

OCTOBER.

Æglogue 10.

PIERS.

Cuddy, for ſhame hold up thy heavy head,
And let us caſt with what delight to chace,
And weary this long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilom thou went the ſhepheards lads to leade,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding baſe:
Now they in thee, and thou in ſleep art dead.

CUDDY.

Piers, I have piped earſt ſo long with pain,
That all mine Oaten reeds been rent and wore:
And my poor Muſe hath ſpent her ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſs gaine.

Such

MOPSVS.

Per vitámque, oculósque meos deploro Lycormæ
Infaustos tua qui merſerunt carbaſa fluctus:
Scis tamen ut vicina humili lego littora velo,
Contrahit hoc etiam ſemper fortuna novercans.
Quòd ſi reſpicerent placido me numina vultu,
Præſens curarum, damnique levamen haberes.
Si verò noſtris libeat ſuccedere tectis,
Solabor, tennis quantum fert noſtra facultas:
Illic ſtramineo poteris requieſcere lecto,
Candida dum facili tibi ſors arriſerit ore.

LYCORMAS.

Ah tibi placati precor hæc dii Mopſe rependant!
Invenit rarò tam pectora fida Lycormas.

OCTOBER.

Ægloga decima.

FAUSTUS.

LAſſo demiſſum collo caput erige Daphni,
Et meditare quibus ducamus luſibus horas,
Quóve joco lentas fallamus tædia lucis.
Prævius ipſe modò paſtoribus ire ſolebas,
Ducebáſque chorum docte involvendo latentes
Gryphos, & rhythmis, & curſu præpete: ſed jam
Illa ſepulta in te, dum tu torpore ſepultus.

DAPHNIS.

Uſque miſer miſerum cannâ ſtridente labellum
Attrivi, dum canna labris mollita fatiſcat,
Exhauſítque penu pauperçula muſa, nec ullo
Aucta eſt proventu tennique beata lucello.

Delicia

Such pleasance makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so laid when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont devise,
To feede youths fansie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise:
I beate the bush, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to *Cuddy* can arise?

PIERS.

Cuddy, the praise is better then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine;
O what an horror is it to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice?
Or pricke them forth with pleasance of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trained wills entice.

Soone as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave!
Seemeth thou doost their soule of sense bereave:
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull Bowre withouten leave;
His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

CVDDY.

So prayse babes the Peacocks spotted train,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feeds him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praise is smoke, that shedeth in the sky,
Sike words been wind and waasten soone in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and vile Clowne,
Lift up thy self out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloudy Mars, of wars, of gusts,
Turne thee to those that weld the awfull Crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundless armor rusts,
And helms unbruzed, wexen daily brown. There

Deliciæ hæ pigram faciunt languere cicadam,
Quando cassa penu brumali vapulat irâ.

Quæ festiva modo procudo carmina mentes
Ut juvenum nobisque examina conflua pascam,
Multùm titillant animos, quid ego auctior indè
Sunt his delicia, sed merces nulla poetæ.
Exagito nemus ipse, in eorum concita casses
Præda volat, quidnam inde boni jam Daphnidi surgit?

FAUSTUS.

Laus tua Daphni omni melior mercede, vigétque
Duratura, brevi potior tibi gloria lucro.
O quis honoris apex, monitis hortatúque salubri
Effrænûm rabidas juvenum compescere mentes!
Accensísque tua mirâ mulcedine venæ
Possessum quocúnque libet deducere pectus!
Quamprimúm aggrederis lepidos compingere rhythmos
Ut tibi ruricolæ latus applicuere juvenci!
Illorum sensus mihi consopire videris;
Ut pastor, dominam stygiâ qui è sede peremptam
Ad superas auras facili Plutone reduxit,
Cujus custodem domuit lyra blanda trifaucem.

DAPHNIS.

Sic, sic infantes picti spectacula pavi
Mirantur, laudántque oculata flabella rotantem:
Sed quis laudatam dignatus munere caudam,
Aut picti grano ventrem quis juverit uno?
Laus talis liquido diffusus in aere fumus,
Aura levis, verba hæc, oculique evanida nictu.

FAUSTUS.

Mitte igitur Corydonem, & rustica nomina, Mopsos,
Rura tace, surgásque è pulvere remige pennâ:
Tu Martem, tu bella sones, simulachráque belli,
Doctáque sceptrigeros celebret tua buccina reges,
Invictósque duces, queis nullis pervia telis
Arma jacent, squallét scabrâ rubigine cassis.

Hic

There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttering wing,
And ſtretch her ſelf at large from Eaſt to Weſt:
Whether thou liſt in faire *Eliza* reſt,
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Advance the worthy whom ſhe loveth beſt,
That firſt the white Beare to the ſtake did bring.

And when the ſtubborn ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds,
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring:
Of love and luſtlihead tho maiſt thou ſing,
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round:
All were *Eliſa* one of thilke ſame ring,
So mought our *Cuddies* name to heaven ſound.

CUDDY.

Indeed the Romiſh *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecœnas* left his oaten reed,
Whereon he earſt had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,
And eſt did ſing of warres and deadly dreed,
So as the heavens did quake his verſe to heare.

But ah, *Mecenas* is yclad in clay,
And great *Auguſtus* long ygo is dead:
And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring doe were dead,
The loftie verſe of hem was loved aye:

But after vertue gan for age to ſtoupe,
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of eaſe:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe,
To put in preace among the learned troupe.
Tho gan the ſtreams of flowing wits to ceaſe,
And ſunbright honour pend in ſhamefull coupe.

And

Hic tua musa potest plausas extendere pennas,
Et passis utrósque axes amplectier alis,
Laudis Elisææ seu tu præconia panges,
Seu flatu majore tuas animabis avenas,
Ore premens illum, divinæ charus Elisæ
Affixum palo primus qui annexuit ursum.

Et cum strenniore sonori pectinis ictu
Cœperunt rigidæ sensim mollescere chordæ,
Deducto lepidos versu moduleris amores,
Argutúmque sonet: choreas tum prævius ipse
Ducas, ipsa licèt pars adsit Elisa choreæ;
Sic poterit cunctas Daphnis volitare per oras.

DAPHNIS.

Certè Romanus (sic fama est) Tityrus olim,
Mecœnate suam mandante abjecit avenam,
Qua docuit pecudes fœcundas carpere valles,
Et tempestivis arvum canescere aristis;
Illico & intonuit Mavortia celsiùs acta,
Ut tremulum audito nutaret carmine cœlum.

Sed jam Mecœnas fulvâ tumulatur arenâ,
Nec non Augustum terræ sinus invidus hausit,
Magnanimique duces insuti corpora plumbo
Putrescunt, doctis quondam seges ampla poëtis.
Scilicet egregiis quo quísque illustrior ausis,
Hoc magis altiloquos amplectitur úsque poetas.

At postquam senuit penè intermortua virtus,
Ingentesque ætas laxavit in otia mentes;
Nil vati occurrit sublimi carmine dignum,
Quod sêclis ausus sit commendare futuris.
Illicò destituit solitos Heliconia fluxus
Vena, honor angusto detrusus carcere marcet.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stock gan to shoot again:
Or it mens follies mote to force to faine,
And roll with rest in rimes of ribaudrie:
Or as it sprung, it wither must againe:
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

PIERS.

O peereles Poesie, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes Palace thou doest sit,
(And yet is Princes Palace the most fit,)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie back to heaven apace.

CUDDY.

Ah *Percy*, it is all too weak and wan,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight;
Her pieced pinions been not so in plight,
For *Colin* fits such famous flight to scan:
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as swan.

PIERS.

Ah fon, for love does teach him climbe so high,
And lifts him up out of the loathsome mire:
Such immortal mirrour, as he doth admire,
Would raise ones mind above the starry skie,
And cause a caitive courage to aspire:
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CVDDY.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly love is such a tyranne fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaunds,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webs in hand.

Who-

Et veteri e trunco ſtrips ſiqua poëſeos uſquam
Emicat in florem, certâ ſpe nobile germen:
Præſentes opus eſt ævi ſimulare furores,
Scalpentiſque uri obſcœna prurigine verſus;
Aut velut exortum eſt, ſic deflorere neceſſum:
Tibicen ſtreperâ magè nos capit arte Tigellus.

FAUSTUS.

Quis locus ergo tibi? quæ ſedes dîa poëſis?
Si non Aula lares, palatia ſumma penates
Dent, (tamen Aula tibi certè eſt aptiſſima ſedes)
Infima nec plebes ulnis te ſtringit amicis.
Alitis ingenii tollet te Dædala penna,
Et cœlum propero pete, cœlitùs orta, volatu.

DAPHNIS.

Ah! non ſunt nobis tales, mi Fauſtule, vires,
Ardua queis tranem ſublimi ſydera curſu:
Tantum cœratis non auſim credere pennis:
Iſtud Alexis opus, tales tentare volatus;
Hic, niſi quòd rabido ſic illaqueatur amore,
Cygnæum æquaret ſurgens ad ſydera carmen.

FAUSTUS.

Ah miſerum! edocuit ſic hunc ſcandiſſe Cupido,
Erectúmque imæ plebis de face levavit:
Forma immortalis, quam paſcitur ille tuendo,
Erigeret vegetam ſuper aurea ſydera mentem;
Degener & pectus ſibi quid promittere magnum
Cogeret: ipſa humiles odit ſufflata Dione.

DAPHNIS.

Omnino naturam aliam ſortita poëſis;
Imperioſus amor, truculentus ubique tyrannus,
Quáque regit, vires alias exterminat inde;
Grandiſonum at carmen vacuam ſibi vendicat aulam,
Nec cum ſollicitis ſocios fixere penates
Pierides curis: inſcitè texere eredis,
Uno qui binas orditur tempore telas.

Who ever casts to compass weighty prise, (threat:
And thinks to throw out thundering words of
Let powre in lavish cups, and thrifty bits of meat.
For *Bacchus* fruit is friend to *Phœbus* wise:
And when with wine the brain begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not *Percy* how the rime should rage:
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde Ivie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content us in this humble shade:
Where no such troublous tides han us assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Goates shall han their bellies layde,
Cuddy shall have a Kidde to store his farme.

NOVEMBER.

Æglogue 11:

THENOT.

Colin, my dear, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some jovisaunce?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleep through loves misgovernaunce.

Now

Quicúnque egregios animum prælibrat in ausus,
Verbáque ventoso meditatur turgida flatu,
Fœcundos siccet calices, sed fercula tantùm
Parca famem sedent, gaudet nam Phœbus Iaccho;
Et cum sudârit Baccho spumante cerebrum,
Carmina sponte fluunt, ut foni ebullit in altum.

Nescis, ut sacro lymphata furore poësis
Bacchatur; mihi si generoso tincta falerno
Tempora ferverent, tremulis incincta corymbis,
Quantus, io! poteram spirantem prælia musam
Erigere in scenam, sublimi ut nixa cothurno
Ardua Bellonam furiosis passibus aquet!

At vix intepuit, meus & restinguitur ardor;
Quin igitur contenti istâ requiescimus umbrâ,
Quâ nunquam nosmet tempestas talis adorta est:
Possumus nîc tuti tenues inflare cicutas.

FAUSTUS.

Et cùm ventris onus fœta posuêre capellæ,
Daphnidi lactentem dabimus pro cantibus hœdum.

NOVEMBER.

Ægloga undecima.

THYRSIS.

EC quando pro more tuo (mi dulcis Alexi)
Festivum lepidâ modulabere carmen avenâ?
Ah vimis indulget tacito tua Musa dolori,
Musa cupidineæ jactu sopita sagittæ.

Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenaunce
Among the shepheards Swaines may aye remain:
Whether thee list thy loved Lasse advaunce,
Or honour *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

Thenot, now nis the time of merry make,
Nor *Pan* to herie, nor with love to play:
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or Sommer shade, under the cocked hay.
But now sad Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yearly task,
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his Inne in Fishes haske.
Thilke sullen season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doest praise:
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in youngth and summer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong:
Who but thy selfe deserves like Poets praise:
Relieve thy Oaten pipes, that sleepen long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is soveraigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent be:
And I unfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should *Colin* make judge of my foolerie?
Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
And han been watred at the Muses Well:
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sad winters wrath, and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou maist atune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and deaths dreeriment.
For dead is *Dido*, dead alas and drent,
Dido the great shepheard his daughter sheen,

The

Nunc aliquid canta quod posterа prædicet ætas,
Æternúmque hilaris memoret pastoria pubes.
Seu tibi dilectam placeat celebrare puellam,
Seu majore sono Panos stet pangere laudes.

ALEXIS.

Non hæc tempestas ludo est accommoda, Thyrsi,
Panáve concelebrare hymnis, rhythmóisve puellam.
Vendicat herbicomus soli hæc sibi gaudia Maius,
Aut patulam ad fagum, sicci aut sub mergite fœni:
At nunc tristis hyems arctas contrahit horas,
Et fessus longæque viæ, nimiique laboris
Phœbus equos imo tandem stabulatus Olympo,
Ultima fiscellam sibi diversoria fecit.
Mœstum igitur magis hoc, magis illætabile tempus
Exigit, atque iocos paulo morósius odit.
Nec jam lugubri arrident sua gaudia Musæ,
Æstate ut pridem, vernaque in flore juventa.
Quod si molliculos sitiant tua pectora versus,
Lascivósque cupis Cytheræa incendia rhythmos,
Quis tibi Thyrsi parem tulit hoc certamine palmam?
Quin reparas calamos longo torpore solutos.

THYRSIS.

Silvestris regina chori celebratur Aëdon;
Coram hac argutas compescat hirundo querelas:
Indignúsque ego me doctæ ingessisse catervæ,
Stultitiæ facerem testem malè sanus Alexin?
Absit, quin potiùs doceat me doctior ille,
Et quem Musarum largo fons irrigat haustu.
Nam qui procerâ fœcundus ab arbore stillat
Ros, subnascentes vegetat sub stipite plantas.
Quòd si brumalis rigor, atque immitior aura
Lascivæ numeris vix sint sat congrua musæ,
Flebiliore potes singultu rumpere cannam,
Funeráque irriguâ gravè suspirare querelâ.
Nam periit Dido, ah! jam mortua, jámque sepulta;
Dido pastoris magni nitidissima proles,

Una

The fayreſt May ſhe was that ever went,
Her like ſhe has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,
I ſhall thee give yond Coſſet for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as round and rufull been,
As thoſe that did thy *Roſalinde* complaine,
Much greater gifts, for guerdon thou ſhalt gain,
Then Kidde or Coſſet, which I thee benempt.
Then up I ſay, thou jolly ſhepheards ſwaine;
Let not my ſmall demaund be ſo contempt.

COLIN.

Thenot, to that I choſe, thou doſt me tempt:
But ah! too well I wote my humble vain,
And how my rimes been rugged and unkempt,
Yet as I con, my cunning I will ſtrain.

VP then *Melpomene*, the mournfull Muſe of nine,
Such cauſe of mourning never hadſt afore:
Up griſly ghoſts, and up my rufull rime,
Matter of mirth now ſhalt thou have no more:
For dead ſhe is, that mirth thee made of yore,
Dido my deat, alaſs, is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heavy herſe!
Let ſtreaming tears be powred out in ſtore:
O carefull verſe!
Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentiſh downes (abide,
Wayle ye this wofull waſte of Natures warke:
Wayle we the wight whoſe preſence was our pride:
Wayle we the wight, whoſe abſence is our carke.
The ſunne of all the world is dimme and darke.
The earth now wants her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night:
O heavy herſe,
Break we our pipes, that ſhrild as loude as Larke.
O carefull verſe. Why

Una puellares inter pulcherrima cœtus,
Illa, nec æqualem liquit defuncta puellam.
Si verò mihi lugubres tua canna dolores
Planxerit, ille tibi cedet modò corniger agnus.
Quòd ſi tam lugubre tibi, tam flebile carmen,
Quàm quod de ingratâ fudiſti Phyllide nuper,
Multò major Alexi manet tua carmina merces,
Quàm quæ promiſi, vitulúſve, agnúſve tenellus.
Ergo age, ſurge modò, flos ô paſtorie, ſurge;
Nec tumidè me rejicias tam parva petentem.

ALEXIS.

Ultrò quòd ſtatui ſuades mihi Thyrſi volenti:
Novi at quàm tenui currunt mihi carmina venâ;
Quàm incompti nobis rhythmi ſint, ínque politi;
Ars mea quid poterit, faciam tamen ipſe periclum.

INter ter trinas mœſtiſſima ſurge ſorores
Melpomene, nunquam tanti tibi cauſa doloris;
Huc torvi Lemures, ades huc lachrymabile carmen,
Nil lepidum tractabis, nil lætabile poſthac:
Nam defuncta, iocos tibi quæ ſuffecerat olim,
Ah, concidit dilecta Dido,
Concidit, & tumulata dudum eſt.
O nimiùm lugubria juſta!
Fœcundo lachrymæ rorantes flumine ſtillent.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Vos qui Cantiacas per valles ducitis agnos
Paſtores, diram naturæ flete ruinam:
Deploremus eam, modò quâ præſente ſuperbi;
Deploremus eam, quâ nunc abſente dolemus.
Totius mundi Sol obtenebreſcit opacus,
Suetâ caret jam luce tellus,
Nóſque graves habitamus umbras.
O nimiùm lugubria juſta!
Caſſitis ſtridore pares frangamus avenas.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Cur

Why do we longer live,(ah why live we ſo long)
Whoſe better dayes death hath ſhut up in woe?
The faireſt flowre our girlond all among,
Is faded quite,and into duſt ygoe.
Sing now ye ſhepheards daughters,ſing no mo,
The ſongs that *Colin* made you in her praiſe,
But into weeping turn your wanton layes:
O heavie hearſe:
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verſe.

Whence is it, that the flowre of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?
Yet ſoon as Spring his mantle doth diſplay,
It flowreth freſh, as it ſhould never faile.
But thing on earth that is of moſt availe,
As vertues branch,and beauties bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavy hearſe:
The branch once dead,the bud eke needs muſt quail:
O carefull verſe.

She while ſhe was (that was a wofull word to ſaine)
For beauties praiſe and pleaſance had no peere.
So well ſhe couth the ſhepheards entertaine,
With Cakes and crackneſs, and ſuch country chear,
Ne would ſhe ſcorn the ſimple ſhepheards ſwaine:
For ſhe would call him often heame,
And give him Curds and clouted creame.
O heavie hearſe:
Als *Colin Clout* ſhe would not once diſdayne.
O carefull verſe.

But now ſike happy cheare is turnd to heavy (chaunce,
Such pleaſance now diſplaſt by dolours dint:

All

Cur vita (heu) ſupereſt? ah, cur huc viximus uſque,
Queis ævi potior pars luctu ſordida tabet?
En ſerti flores inter pulcherrimus omnes
Marcuit, & ſimul in cineres dilapſus abivit.
Poſthac ruricolæ nunquam cantate puellæ,
Queis hanc Alexis laudat odas,
Sed lachrymis moduli obruantur.
O nimium lugubria juſta!
Hora mori nunc eſt, ah pridem ea tranſiit hora.
O nimium lachrymabile carmen!

Unde eſt, herbicomi expiret quòd floſculus horti,
Et dum ſævit hyems, torpet tellure ſepultus;
At cum ver varium pandit genitabile peplum,
Nunquam ut caſurus redivivo flore ſuperbit?
Quando aliud fluido multo magè nobile ſtore,
(Virtutis ut ſtirps, flóſque formæ)
Non iterum revireſcit unquam.
O nimiùm lugubria juſta.
Mortua ſi ſtirps ſit, florem marcere neceſſum.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Illa (ah!) dum fuit, illa (fuit, quàm flebile verbum?)
Non habuit formâve parem, morúmve lepore.
Sic nempe excepit paſtores comiter almi
Deliciis ruris, prunis, libíſque, favíſque;
Nec faſtidivit pannoſos ruris alumnos,
Aſt his domum crebrò vocatis
Mel, pyra, lácque daret coactum:
O nimium lugubria juſta!
Nec peronatum dedignaretur Alexim:
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Nunc has delicias caſus vitiavit amarus,
Exulat illa recenti expulſa dolore voluptas:

All

All Muſick ſleeps, where death doth lead the dance,
And ſhepheards wonted ſolace is extinct.
The blew in black, the green in gray is tinct,
The gaudie girlonds deckt her grave,
The faded flowres her Corſe embrave.
O heavy herſe: (ſprent,
Mourn now my Muſe, now mourn with tears be-
O carefull verſe.

(grief)
O thou great ſhepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy
Where bin the Noſegayes that ſhe dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knottiſh ruſh-rings, and gilt Roſemaree?
For ſhe deemed nothing too dear for thee.
Ah, they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blaſt blew all away.
O heavy herſe!
Thereof nought remains but the memoree,
O carefull verſe.

(ſtroke,
Ah me, that dreery death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortall
That can undo Dame Natures kindly courſe:
The faded locks fall from the lofty Oke:
The flouds do gaſpe, for dryed is their ſourſe.
And flouds of tears flow in their ſtead perforce.
The mantled medows mourn,
Their ſundry colours tourne.
O heavy herſe!
The heavens do melt in tears without remorſe.
O carefull verſe.

The feeble flocks in field refuſe their former foode,
And hang their heads as they would learn to weep.
The beaſts in forreſts wayle, as they were woode:
Except the Wolves, that chaſe the wandring ſheep.

Now

Nam quacúnque choros agitat mors, muſica dormit,
Paſtorum perennt ſolatia grata, colórque
In canum viridis mutatur, cærulus atrum;
Pictæ coronæ umbrant ſepulchrum,
Languidáque herba legit cadaver.
O nimium lugubria juſta!
Nunc, ô nunc plangas lachrymarum prodiga muſa.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Maxime paſtorum Theron, quis te æſtus adurit?
Florum ubi faſciculi, pro te quos legerat olim
Mulicoloris ubi viridantia texta coronæ?
Annulus & creber nodato junceus orbe?
Nil (charum licèt) invidit tibi prodiga Dido.
Hæc cuncta nunc evanuerunt,
Omnia diſpulit unus Auſter.
O nimiùm lugubria juſta.
Horum nil ſupereſt, niſi quod ſub pectore grato.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Hei mihi, quod mortis ſic eſt penetrabile telum,
Naturæ leges ut vulnere ruperit uno.
Marcentes quercus crines exucca refundit,
Flumen agit rimas, fons primo deficit alveo,
Inque loco lachrymæ decurrunt fluminis inſtar.
Veſtita & herbis prata mœrent,
Et nitor emoriens hebeſcit.
O nimium lugubria juſta!
In fletum aſſiduum liquefacta reſolvitur æthra.
O nimium lachrymabile carmen!

En infirma pecus jam pabula nota refugit,
Dimittens caput, humani tanquam æmula fletus:
Quæque fera in ſylvis luget correpta furore,
Ni lupus, errantis fortè inſidiatus ovili;

Námque

Now she is gone that safely did hem keep.
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound that death did launch,
O heavy hearse:
And *Philomele* her song with tears doth steep.
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and dance,
And for her girlond Olive branches bear,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres done advance:
The Muses that were wont green bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre branches fere:
The fatal sisters eke repent,
Her vital threed so soon was spent.
O heavy herse!
Mourn now my Muse, now mourn with heavy chear,
O carefull verse.

O trustless state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swinke and sweat for nought:
And shooting wide, doth miss the marked scope:
Now have I learn'd a lesson dearly bought)
That nis on earth assurance to be sought:
For what might be in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hold?
O heavy herse!
Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought.
O carefull verse.

But maugre death and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hell, and fiery furies force:
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weeps *Lobbin* so without remorse?
O *Lobb*, thy loss no longer lament,

Dido

Námque ea diſperiit, quæ tutum præſtitit illud:
Turtúrque nudis æſculetis
Vulnera lethifera úſque plangit.
O nimiùm lugubria juſta!
Fletiferáſque rigat lachrymis Philomela querelas.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Communes ſuetæ cantus injiſſe, choréſque
Nymphæ, è Palladia geſtantes fronde coronam
Funereæ tendunt vimen ferale cupreſſi:
Muſæ olim viridis criſtatæ germine lauri,
Arida ſambuci ramalia flebilè quaſſant.
Et pœnitet duras ſorores
Tam citò deſtituiſſe fuſos.
O nimiùm lugubria juſta!
Nunc, ah! nunc plangat mea muſa abſorpta dolore?
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Occiduis ſtatus infidus, ſpes lubrica rebus,
Mortalis fruſtra in ſudans quibus úſque laborat,
Et longè à metâ modo quem ſibi deſtinat, errat!
Nunc didici (ah documenta nimis conſtantia magno)
Quòd non terrenis datur unquàm fidere rebus.
De face terrena ecquid uſquàm
Quod faciem radiantem adæquet?
O nimiùm lugubria juſta!
Hanc tamen impoſitam mœſto vidi ipſe feretro,
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Sed morte invitâ, parcarum lege ſolutâ,
Refragante Erebo, furiiſque furentibus, illa,
Illa inquam æternæ diſrupit vincula noctis;
Mens mole exonerata volat compage refractâ.
Ergo quid indulges Theron ſinè fine dolori?
Diſpendium nè plange Theron,

Non

Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent:
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrows ſourſe.
O joyfull verſe!

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with (plaints
As if ſome evil were to her betight?
She raignes a goddeſs now among the Saints,
That whilome was the ſaint of ſhepheards light:
And is enſtalled now in heavens hight.
I ſee the bleſſed ſoule, I ſee,
Walk in Elyſian fields ſo free:
O happy herſe!
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O joyfull verſe.

Unwiſe and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
We deem of Death as doom of ill deſert:
But knew we fools, what it us brings untill,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.
No danger there the ſhepheard can aſtert:
Fayre fields and pleaſant layes there beene:
The fields aye freſh, the graſs aye greene:
O happy herſe.
Make haſte y e ſhepheards thither to revert!
O joyfull verſe.

Dido is gone afore (whoſe turn ſhall be the next?)
There lives ſhe with the bleſſed Gods in bliſſe:
There drinks ſhe Nectar with Ambroſia mixt,
And joyes enjoyes, that mortal men do miſs.
The honour now of higheſt God ſhe is,
That whilom was poor ſhepheards pride:
While here on earth ſhe did abide:
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now my ſong, my woe now waſted is.
O joyfull verſe.

THE-

Non periit, ſed in aſtra fugit,
O nimiùm felicia juſta !
Siſte ergo, mea muſa, tuos, age, ſiſte dolores.
O multùm lætabile carmen !

Cur ideo flemus? queſtúque laceſſimus aſtra,
Tanquam adverſi aliquid felici obvenerat illi ?
Nunc felix regnat ſancta inter numina numen,
(Quæ ſolis fuerat numen paſtoribus antè)
Et divûm cœlis inſcripta refertur in album ;
Ecce ô beatum numen; ecce
Elyſiis ut oberrat agris !
O meritò felicia juſta !
O ſi conveniam te ! ô utinam per fata liceret.
O meritò lætabile carmen !

Quâm miſerè, proprio dum res examine penſat,
Cæcus homo eſt, ſceleris dum mortem præmia credit !
Quòd ſi nôrimus quò nos abducit adactos,
Aſſiduè moreremur ut experiamur eandem.
Illîc à tergo diſcrimina nulla timentur ;
Campi nitentes, umbra ſuavis,
Herba virens, rediviva prata.
O meritò felicia juſta !
Huc, huc paſtores, huc, huc properate reverti.
O meritò lætabile carmen !

En præiit Dido (cuinam ſors proxima cedet?)
Illic diis ſocium ter felix tranſigit ævum ;
Diluta ambroſiâ nam pocula nectaris haurit,
Gaudia præcerpens noſtræ non cognita vitæ.
Nunc cœli decus, atque Dei ſtat gloria ſummi,
Quondam decus paſtorculorum,
Dum fuit hic, coluítque terras.
O meritò felscia juſta !
Jam ceſſate modi, cura attenuata reſedit,
O meritò lætabile carmen !

THENOT.

Aye franke ſhepheard, how been thy verſes meint.
With dolefull pleaſance, ſo as I ne wotte,
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great conſtraint;
Thine be the Coſſet, well haſt thou it gotte.
Up *Colin*, up, ynough thou mourned haſt:
Now ginnes to mizzle, hie we homeward faſt.

DECEMBER.

Æglogue II.

COLIN.

THe gentle ſhepheard ſate beſides a Spring,
All in the ſhade of a buſie buſhy Breere,
That *Colin* hight, which well could pipe and ſing,
For he of *Tityrus* his ſongs did lere.
There as he ſate in ſecret ſhade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his pitious mone.

O ſoveraign *Pan*, thou God of ſhepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takeſt keep:
And when our flocks into miſchance mought fall,
Dooſt ſave from miſchief the unwary ſheep.
Als of their maiſters haſt no leſs regard
Then of the flocks, which thou doſt watch and ward:

I thee beſeech (ſo be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties, tunde to ſhepheards Oaten reed:
Or if I ever ſonnet ſung ſo cleare,
As it were pleaſance mought thy fancy feed)
Harken awhile from thy green Cabinet,
The lawrel ſong of carefull *Colinet*.

Whilome in youth, vvhen flovvr'd my youthfull Spring,
Like Svvallovv ſvvift, I vvandred here and there:
For heat of heedleſs luſt me ſo did ſting,
That I of doubted danger had no feare.
I vvent the waſtfull vvoods and forreſt vvide,
Withouten dread of Wolves to been eſpide.

THYRSIS.

Dulciſue ô paſtor, quàm bellè carmen amarum
Fletiferâ dulcedine diluis? Hæſito mente
Anxius incertâ, gaudere, an flere deceret.
En tuus eſt, meruit tua nænia flebilis, agnus.
Surge igitur, ſatis, ô ſatis es lachrymatus Alexi.
Retro præcipitemus iter, ſenſim ingruit imber.

DECEMBER.

Ægloga duodecima.

ALEXIS.

SEdit humi paſtor muſcoſam fontis ad oram,
Quem ſylveſcentis dumeti umbracula opacant:
Nomen Alexis erat, canna, cantúſque peritus;
Illi nempe ſuam tradebat Tityrus artem;
Vſque ibi ſecretâ jacuit proſtratus in umbrâ.
Hoc queſtu miſeros miſer execratur amores.

Paſtorum ô numen, nobis ſinè fine colende
Pan, ô qui teneros tutò mihi protegis agnos,
Cumque ultrò malè cauta pecus diſcrimen adiret,
Arces vicinum palanti ſponte periclum:
Nec minor in miſeros pecudis tua cura magiſtros,
Quàm gregis ipſius, quem nocte, diéque tueris.

Te precor (attentas modò tu dignaberis aures
Præbere incomptis modulis paſtoris avenæ;
Vel ſi tam liquidâ cecini modulamina voce,
Vt poſſent veſtros aliquantùm paſcere ſenſus)
Paulùm de viridi mox auſcultare cubili,
Flebilibus numeris curâ tabentis Alexis:

Olim vernantis lato ſub flore juventæ,
Huc, illúcque vagabar, uti Pandionis ales;
Sic inſtigavit male cautum inſana cupido,
Vt nunquam impendens poſſem timuiſſe periclum;
Sponte peragrabam ſylvas, ſaltúſque profundos,
Nec diri formido lupi revocabat euntem.

I wont to range amid the mazie thicket,
And gather Nuts to make me Chriſtmas game:
And joyed oft to chaſe the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the heartleſſe Hare till ſhe were tame.
What recked I of wintry ages waſt?
Tho deemed I my ſpring would ever laſt.

How often have I ſcal'd the craggy Oke,
All to diſlodge the Raven of her neſt?
How have I wearied with many a ſtroke
The ſtately Walnut-tree, the while the reſt
Under the tree fell all at Nuts for ſtrife?
For ylike to me was liberty and life.

And for I was in thilke ſame looſer yeeres,
(Whether the Muſe ſo wrought me from my birth:
Or I too much beleev'd my Shepheards Peeres)
Some dele ybent to ſong and muſicks mirth.
A good old ſhepheard, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the ſame.

From thence I durſt in derring to compare
With ſhepheards ſwaine, what ever fed in field:
And if that *Hobbinoll* right judgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne ſelfe pipe I need not yeeld.
For if the flocking Nymphs did follow *Pan*,
The wiſer Muſes after *Colin* ran.

But ah ſuch pride at length was ill repaid,
The ſhepheards God, (perdie God was he none)
My hurtleſſe pleaſance did me ill upbraid,
My freedome lorne, my life he left to none.
Love they him called, that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

Tho

Nunc labyrinthæis miſerum caput implico dumis,
Dum nudo corylos in ſaturnalia lætos:
Nunc tremit in caſſes me urgente cuniculus actus,
Et timido leporì donec manſueverit inſto.
Quæ me venturi tenuit tum cura Decembris?
Æternùm vernos ſperavi improvidus annos.

Ah quoties juvit nodoſam ſcandere quercum,
Cornici ut profugos demoliar indè penates?
Laſſavi quoties juglandem verbere fœtam
Impiger, interea dum cætera turba coïbat
In pugnam, alternam dum captat quiſque rapinam?
Unica nempe mihi libertas, vita, voluptas.

Quódque etiam fueram tum liberiore ſuò ævo,
(Seu Muſa à teneris me ſic effinxerat annis,
Credulus æquævæ an gaudebam fidere turbæ)
Pronior in molles cantus, cannæque ſororem,
Longævus paſtor, cui nomen Tityrus, artem
Edocuit, fecitque aliquâ de parte peritum.

Hinc tenues auſus calamos componere cuivis
Paſtorum, pecudes quicúnque eduxit in arva;
Sique etiam non falſa fuit ſententia Mopſi,
Non calamos blando ſummittere debeo Pani.
Nam ſi Nympharum ſtipabant Pana catervæ,
Muſæ doctiloquum circumglomorantur Alexin.

Sed tandem ah! Nemeſis faſtum malè vindicat iſtum,
Paſtorum Deus ille (ſed herclè non Deus ille)
Innocuas has delicias invidit Alexi,
Libertate jubens raptâ me plangere vitam.
Inſcia plebs vocat hunc, qui ſic me afflixit, Amorem;
Aſt Odii nomen magè moribus aſſonat iſtis!

Indè

Tho gan my lovely ſpring bid me farewell,
And Summer ſeaſon ſped him to diſplay,
(For love then in the Lyons houſe did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A Comet ſtird up that unkindly heate,
That raigned (as men ſaid) in *Venus* ſeate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choyce I had to chuſe my wandring way:
But whither lucke and loves unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.
The buſh my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The woods can witneſs many a wofull ſtoure.

Where I was wont to ſeek the hony Bee,
Working her formall roomes in Wexen fame:
The griſly Todeſtool grown there mought I ſee,
And loathing Paddockes lording on the ſame.
And where the chanting birds lulde me aſleep,
The ghaſtly Owle her grievous Inne doth keep.

Then as the Spring gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of Summers pride:
All ſo my age now paſſed youthly prime,
To things of riper reaſon ſelf applyde:
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might ſave my ſheep and me fro ſhame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And baskets of bul-ruſhes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fiſh in winding ſale,
Was better ſeene, or hurtfull beaſts to hunt?
I learned als the ſignes of heaven to ken,
How *Phœbus* ſayles, where *Venus* ſits, and when.

Indè valedicit genialis gracia veris,
Et nimiùm festiva faces eventilat æstas;
(Nempe Amor æstiferi tenuit tunc antra leonis,)
Quas radio nimiùm torrente accendere sueta est.
Immites flammas exciverat ante protervæ,
Regnans in veneris (sic fertur) sede, Cometes.

Ducebar, gressus solito non more movebam,
Cum passim errabam quo pes, animúsque ferebant,
Sed quâ sors, effrænati vel amoris habena
Egerat, ut pascant vigilantia somnia mentem:
Lectus erant frutices, surgens umbracula dumus,
Altàque testantur tacita suspiria sylvæ.

Artificem mellis modò quà quæsisse solebam,
Texta cavernosis fingentem quadrua ceris;
Illic ferali surgentes pumice fungos
Vidi, bufonésque etiam dominarier illîc:
Quáque invitabant aviaria garrula somnos,
Illîc ominibus pernoctat bubo sinistris.

Indè ut ver geniale premente æstate refugit,
Et dedit æstivos tellus jam prodiga flores;
Nostra etiam transit florem festiva juventus,
Et ratione incocta simul maturuit ætas.
Materiâ hinc leviore mihi magalia feci,
Quæ probra arcerent pecori, pecorísque magistro.

Dædala cura fuit Philomelæ fingere claustra,
Et lento fragilem fiscellam texere junco.
Quis labyrinthæâ pisces involvere nassâ
Doctior, aut agitare feras solertior usquam?
Astrorumque vias didici discernere, certos
Lunæ defectus, & certos Cypridis ortus.

Et

And tryed time yet taught me greater things,
The ſudden riſing of the raging ſeas:
The ſooth of birds by beating of their wings,
The power of hearbs, both which can hurt and eaſe:
And which be wont t'enrage the reſtleſſe ſheep,
And which be wont to worke eternall ſleep.

But ah unjuſt and witleſſe *Colin Clout*,
That kydſt the hidden kinds of many a weed:
Yet kydſt not ene to cure thy ſore hart root,
Whoſe rankling wound as yet doth rifely bleed.
Why liv'ſt thou ſtill, & yet haſt thy deaths wound?
Why dyeſt thou ſtill, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my Summer worne away and waſted;
Thus is my harveſt haſtened all too rathe.
The eare that budded fayre, is burnt and blaſted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to ſcathe.
Of all the ſeed, that in my youth was ſown,
Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mown.

My boughs and bloſſoms that crowned were at firſt,
And promiſed of timely fruit ſuch ſtore:
Are left both bare and barren now at erſt,
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted, ere they were half mellow ripe;
My harveſt waſte my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,
Been wither'd, as they had been gathered long:
Their roots being dried up for lacke of dew,
Yet dewed with teares they han been ever among.
Ah, who has wrought my *Roſalind* this ſpight,
To ſpil the flowers that ſhould her girlond dight?

And

Et docuit majora usu maturior ætas,
Undarum subitos æstu turgente tumores;
Garritus volucrum, plaudentis & omina pennæ;
Herbarum vires, quæ noxia, quæve salubris;
Quam caulem mitis pecus insaniret edendo,
Et quisnam æternâ damnaret lumina nocte.

Ah verò imprudens, excors, ignarus Alexis,
Radicum vires scrutare, artemque medendi;
At nullam nôsti quæ sancia pectora curet,
Quorum suppurata etiam nunc ulcera manant:
Quorsum vivis adhuc lethali vulnere fixus?
Cur semper moriare superstes semper, Alexi?

Sic, sic præpropere fugitiva evanuit ætas,
Sic & præmatura seges lactavit inanem.
Pulchrè prægnantes æstu torrentur aristæ,
Vanáque speratum hunserunt dispendia lucrum.
Et de totius cassâ semente juventæ
Nil superest, præter filicésque rubósque, metendum.

Gemmas prolifico & radiantia germina flore,
Maturum fructus mihi promittentia fœnus,
Flore exuta suo tandem sterilescere vidi;
Spémque abblanditus jam concidit arbore fructus,
Nec dum mitescens festinâ tabe putrescit;
Sic messe exusta nobis spes occidit omnis.

Suaveolens nostro qui flos adoleverit horto,
Ut carpius jampridem à stirpe exaruit imâ;
Deficiente etiam radix emortua rore,
Roranti humectam crebro tamen irrigo fletu.
Ah nostram quis tanto affecit Phyllida damno?
Quis florem obtrivit, qui spes fuit una coroliæ?

Atque

And I that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
Unto the ſhifting of the ſhepheards foote:
Sike follies now have gathered, as too ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and unſoote.
The looſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe no more,
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harveſt hope, I have
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care: (ſheave,
Which, when I thought have threſht in ſwelling
Cockle for corne, and Chaffe for barley bare:
Soon as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be finde,
All was blowne away of the wavering winde.

So my yeare drawes to my latter terme,
My Spring is ſpent, my Summer burnt up quite:
My harveſt haſtes to ſtirre up winter ſterne,
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right,
So now he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtering blaſt each coaſt doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deep furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I finde,
And by mine eye the Crow his claw doth wright.
Delight is laid abed, and pleaſure paſt,
No Sun now ſhines, clouds han all over-caſt.

Now leave you ſhepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe, and weary of this ſtound;
Heere will I hang my Pipe upon this tree,
Was never Pipe of reed did better ſound.
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaſt,
And after Winter dreerie death does haſt.

Gather

Atque ego qui nuper ſtridentem inflare ſolebam
Ad rigidi motum alternum peronis avenam,
Excuſſi hæc nimis ut maturos ludicra fructus,
Ejecique foràs ingrati ut putrida odoris.
Laſcivis nulla eſt mihi cura placere puellis;
Uni ſi placeam ſatis eſt, nil demoror ultrà.

Sic vanus voti fero nil de meſſe laborum,
Curarum pleni niſi quod cecidere manipli;
Deïn granum tumidis tentanti extundere ſpicis
Frumentum paleas, atque hordea lolia mittunt:
Cúmque Euri arbitrio paleas ſecernere conor,
Evertit turbo tremulis ludibria ventis.

Sic meus ad metam declivis volvitur annus,
Jam ver defecit, mihi jam deferbuit æſtas,
Sedénſque Autumnus brumales ſuſcitat iras,
Inſanóque rigore jubet ſua jura tueri.
Jamque omni tumidis bacchatur ab axe procellis,
Jamque omnes oras furioſo flamine verrit.

En ſquarroſa cutis mordaci frigore fiſſa;
En ſenium ſulcis peraravit anilibus ora;
En candent canæ nive tempora ſparſa ſenectæ;
Juxta oculos corvini unguis veſtigia cernas:
Arguti ſiluêre ioci, fugítque voluptas,
Nullus ſol lucet, nebulis obtexitur æther.

Linque igitur lepidos pubes paſteria luſus,
Rauceſcit mea muſa, iocos faſtidit & iſtos:
Hac ſuſpenſa mihi requieſcat fiſtula fago;
Fiſtula quâ nuſquam melior garribat arundo.
Nempe advenit hyems flatu metuenda minaci,
Poſtque hyemem ſequitur paſſu mors dira citato.

Hæc

Gather ye together my little flock,
My little flock that was to me moſt liefe:
Let me, ah let me in your folds yee lock,
Ere the breme winter breed you greater grief.
Winter is come, that blows the balefull breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

Adiew delights, that lulled me aſleep,
Adiew my Deare, whoſe love I bought ſo deare:
Adiew my little Lambs and loved ſheep,
Adiew ye woods, that oft my witneſs were:
Adiew good *Hobbinoll*, that was ſo true,
Tell *Roſalind*, her *Colin* bids her adiew.

The

Huc, huc agglomera, simul huc grex parve coïte;
Parvule grex, ô qui super omnia charus Alexi:
Ah sinite, ah sinite occlusis in ovilibus abdam,
Dum nondum immitis bruma vos frigus adurat:
Ecce immitis adest funesto flamine bruma,
Et bruma adventum mors tempestiva sequetur!

Lusus amice vale, quo consopitus Alexis;
Tu quoque, cujus amor magno constabat Alexi;
Vósque valete, agnique, & oves, grex charus Alexi;
Et tu sylva vale, totiès quæ testis Alexi.
Mopse vale, misero tam fidum pectus Alexi;
Phyllidi dic, valeat, jam Phillidi dicit Alexis.

Pere-

The conclusion.

Lo I have made a Calendar for every year, (wear
That steele in strength, and time in durance shal out-
And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution:
To teach the ruder shepherd how to feed his sheep,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flock to keep.
Go little Calendar, thou hast a free pasport:
Go but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sort.
Dare not to match thy pipe with *Tityrus* his stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman plaid a-
while,
But follow them far off, and their high steps adore.
The better please, the worse displease: I ask no more.

FINIS

Peroratio operis.

En opus exegi, cunctos quod duret in annos,
Temporis intactum morsu, diuturnius ære;
Et, si spectantem non fallant astra, manebit,
Donec totius solvatur fabrica mundi:
Pastorem ut doceam tutum quî pascat ovile,
Quomodo ab insidiis clausos custodiat agnos:
Ito libelle, tibi patet exitus, ito; sed (audi,)
Plebeios humili semper comitabere gressu.
Tu nè pastorem stipulâ stridente lacesse,
Andinum, aut Siculo calamos compone poëtæ:
Sed longè sequere, & vestigia pronus adora,
Sperne malos, placeásque bonis; nil amplius opto:

FINIS.

READER,

BE pleased to take notice that in the later Editions of Spencers *Poems in Folio (which should have been the best) there is wanting one whole Stanza in the Month of* June, *which out of the first Edition of the Shepherds Calendar in Quarto may be thus supplyed, and is to come in after* page 70. l. 10. *of this Book.*

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in led,
(O why should death on him such outrage show)
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow:
But if on me some little drops would flow
Of that the Spring was in his learned head,
I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

ERRATA.

IN *Epist p.* 2. *l.* 23. *lege* παλιγγενεσίαν, *in opere, p.* 3. *l.* 8. Luridæ, *p.* 9. *l.* 16. frangit, *p.* 17. *l.* 9. Innumeros-numerosâ, *p.* 21. *l.* 9. Canentes, *p.* 28. *l.* 4. nequiens arcere, *l.* 19. dejecto, *p.* 27. *l.* 4. Ductor, *l.* 13. at, *p.* 51. *l.* 18. divos, *p.* 55. *l.* 8. Nunquam——lerieſve, *p.* 57. *l.* 10. teneris &, *p.* 75. *l.* 2. certum, *l.* 19. neſciit, *p.* 83. *l.* 19. greges, *p.* 91. *l.* 21. diſtorto, *p.* 93 *l.* 21. noſtris, *l.* 109. *l.* 10. Tanquam, *p.* 142. *l.* 18. filiceſque, *p.* 143. *l.* 15. Cedentſque.

A GLOSSARIE;

OR,

An Alphabetical Index of unuſual words explained, which may be of uſe for the underſtanding not only of this Poem, but of the *Faery Queen* alſo, and others of this Author.

A

ABie; ſuffer, abide
Accloyeth; overchargeth
Accoyed; pluck'd down
Adawed; daunted
Albee; although, albeit
Alegge; to leſſen or aſſwage
Algrind; an Anagram of Biſhop Grindall.
Als; alaſs
Appall; trouble, vex
Areed; judge, pronounce
Askaunce; aſquint
Aſſert; ſtartle
Availe; bring down
Aye; alwayes.

B

BAle; grief, miſery
Belte; a girdle
Bellibone, or bonnibell, a fair Maid
Belive; quickly
Behight; called
Benempt; named
Bett; better
Beſprent; beſprinkled
Bettad; diſpoſed, ordered
Bevie; a company, properly of larks
Betight; hapned
Blonket; liveries, gray coats
Borrow; a pledge, or ſurety
Borrell; a plaine, rude fellow, a boor
Breme; chill, bitter, rageing
Brade; broad
Brace; embrace
Busket; little buſh
But, is ſometimes put for unleſs niſi
Buxome; plyable

C

CHaplet; a garland like a crown
Chaffred; ſould
Chamfred; chapt, wrinkled
Clinke; key-hole
Con; can, know
Conne; learn
Contecke; conteſt, ſtrife
Corbe; crooked, curvus
Coronall; garland
Colluſion; deceit
Couth; could, knew
Coſſet; a lamb brought up by hand
Crumenall; purſe
Cragg; neck

D

DEll; a pitt
Deftly; nimbly, neatly
Deme; deemed
Derring, daring

Dight;

Dight; covered, adorned
Dole; sorrow
Dreint; drowned
Dreriment; sadnes
E
Earned; longed earnestly
Eld; old age
Embellisht; beautified
Embrave; adorn
Enaunter; least that
Encheason, cause, occasion
Enchased; engraven
Engrained; died in grain
Entrailed; wrought between
Emprise; enterprise
Erbe; easie
Ever among; ever and anon
F
Fay; faith
Faine; glad, desirous
Faitours; vagabonds
Flourets; little flowers
Foeman; a foe
Fon; a fool
Foy by; therefore, for this
Forlorn; forsaken
Forswonk; overlaboured
Forswat; overswear, sunburnt
Forstall; prevent
Forewent; gone before
Forwaile; to dragg, distress
Forsaid; forbidden
For, is oft put for (**because**)
Frowy; musty, mossy
G
Gan; began
Gelage; shooe
Gars thee greet; makes thee weep and complain
Gaug; goe
Gayt, goat
Gin; begin
Glee; cheer, jollity
Glitterand; glittering
Goodlihead; goodnes
Gree; degree
Gride; pierced
Greete; weeping and complaint
Guerdon; reward
H
Hale; hoale
Han; have
Hask; a fishers ped, or basket
Heame; home
Hem; them
Hent; caught
Haidegiues; a Countrey dance
Her; their
Herie; worship
Hidder and shidder; he and she
Hoont; hunt
Hote, named from **hight**
I
Ilk; the same
Inly; intirely, intimately
Iolisaunce; joy, sporting
K
Ken; know
Keep; a charge, a thing to be kept
Kerne; a churle, or farmer
Kidst; knowest
Kirk; Church
L
Latched; catched
Leese; deare
Lere; lesson, to learn
Levin; lightning
Lever; rather
Ligge soe laid; lye so faint and unlusty
Lorel; devourer, crafty fellow
Lorne; left, lost
Lore; learning
Louted; bowed
M
Make; to **make**, [illegible] to make a verse
Mazer; a cup
May; a maid
Medled; mingled
Meiny; the many, the multitude
Meint; minkled
Melling; meddling
Merriment; mirth
Miscreance; misbelief, dispraise
Miswent; gone astray
Miller; akind, manner
Mirke; obscure

Mitrour;

Mirrour; lookingglass
Mochell; much, mickle
Mozel; an anagram of Bishop *Elmer*
Mote; might

N.

Nis; has not
Narre; nearer
Newell; a newalty
Ne; nor, not
Nis; is not
Nigheth; draweth nigh
Note; wot not, know not
Nould; would not

O

Overhasle; draw over
Overwent; overgone
Overgast; overgrown with grass
Overture; an opening, apertura

P

Pardie } Verily.
Perdie }
Pent, ypent; shut up
Peregall; equal
Pert; openly, apertè
Pight; pitched, setled
Point of worthy wit; sting of deserved blame
Pouse; pease
Pricke; proof

Q

Queint; strange, fine
Quell, abate
Queme, please

R

Raft, bereft, deprived
Rathe, quickly, also, to counsel
Rather, earlyer, sooner
Reck to reckon, to care
Relive, live again
Rene, warn, tell
Read, saying
Rife, usual, frequent
Ronts, young bullocks
Roundell } a song, a verse
Roundelay }

S

Sale, sallow-wood
Sam together
Shend, blame, marre
Shield, defend
Shole, a multitude, properly of fish
Sheen, fair, shining
Scathe, loss, hindrance
Sere, withered
Sithe, time, **manysithes**, often
Siker, surely
Sib, akin, of kind
Sike, such
Sithence, since, after
Snebb, check, reprove
Soote, sweet
Sovenance, remembrance
Source, spring
Somedeale, somewhat in part
State, stature, bulk, stoutly
Stank, weary, faint
Stern, fell, sturdy
Steven, noise
Stounds, fits
Stoure, a fit, an assault
Surquedrie, presumption, pride
Swain, a boy
Swinke, labour

T

Teene, sorrow
Thilk, this
Thewed, instructed with moral wisdom
Tho, then
Thrilling, piercing
Throb, sigh
Tinct, died, coloured
Todd, a bush, a thicket
Tooting, prying, peeping, searching narrowly
Tottie, wavering, tottering
Timburins, an old kind of instrument, some think a clarion
Tressed locks, withered, curled
Trode, path
Twitten, blame

V

Venteth, snuffeth up the wind
Vetchy, of vetches, or peasestraw
Virelayes, a light song
Underfong, deceive by false suggestion
Uncouth, unknown
Unkempt, unkembed

Unnethes,

Unnethes, ſcarcely

W

Wa, woe
Warke, work
Warre, worſe
Weene, think
Welkin, morning
Welked, ſhortned, impaired
Welter, wallow
Weanell waſt, a weaned youngling
Wend, goe
Wightly, quickly, ſuddenly
Witte, to blame
Witeles, blameleſs
Wight, quick
Wimble, nimble
Whilome, once, heretofore
Wiſards, great learned heads
Wonne, to wonne, to haunt, uſe. hence vont uſed
Wrack, ruine, or violence
Wroken, revenged, of **wreake**

Y

Y, A poeticalaffixe, often put at the beginning of a word before a conſonant, eſpecially participles of the time paſt: as,
Yblent, blinded
Yclad, clad, cloathed
Yburnt, burned, burnt
Yſhend, hurt, marr, blame &c.
Yede, goe
Yode, went
Yfere, together
Yore, of **yore**, long agoe
Yeven, given
Ylike, like
Ywis, I ſuppoſe
Yconne, to learn
Ygoe, ſince, agoe

FINIS.